

# Desert

*...magazine of the Outdoor Southwest*

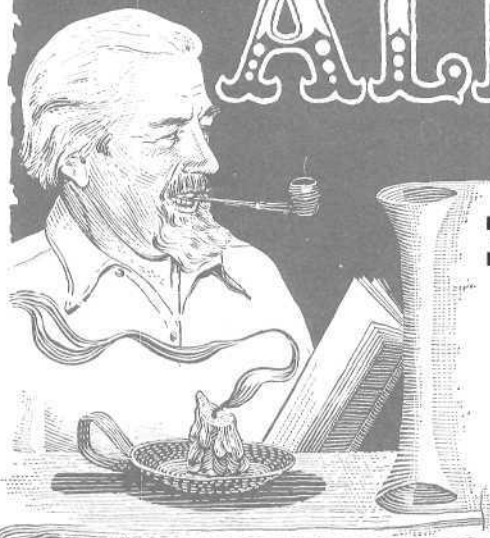
NOVEMBER, 1959 . . . 35 Cents





# DESERT RAT HARRY OLIVER'S ALMANAC

1888 • 1999



## BLACKIE'S SLY-SALTY-SHAGGY STORY

If you have time, love the desert, love critters of all shapes and sizes, you can match the Leprechaun, Brownie, Pixy or Elf of story fame in our desert.

Dry Camp Blackie is glad November is here. He says his desert animals are undependable in hot weather—complained today that the pack rat he had taught to bring him kindling every morning, brings twice as much in hot weather as in the cold winter months, and wants many more crackers in payment.

Blackie is worried about his ant-proof bread box—says the horned toad he has on watch under the bread box complains that it doesn't get enough ants to eat.

He says the two badgers he has trained for prospecting are over-doing it—they've dug up his garden three times just keeping in practice.

... Says his burro's alarm clock attachment is two hours ahead of daylight savings time. So his troublesome days start early.

Arizona sunsets are beautiful even if they do set in California.



The only fine thing I know that we have done for the Indian is to call a few fine days in early Fall 'Indian Summer.'



Hints for Shack & Shanty Dwellers



Cabot Yerxa, old-timer of burro days (Desert Hot Springs since 1913), says the only difference between an Alaskan sourdough and a Desert Rat is about 4 pair of blankets and 6 pair of socks.

\* \* \*

Woe-Begone Joe says he started out as an unwanted child, but he overcame that handicap—by the time he was 19 he was wanted in 24 states, including Texas.

\* \* \*

A prospector advertising for a wife in a Yuma newspaper specified that her hand must be small enough to go inside a No. 2 lamp chimney.

\* \* \*

The modern idea of roughing it is to have no radio in the shanty.

\* \* \*

Remember—you can't fall out of bed if you sleep on the floor.

\* \* \*

Put popcorn in your flapjack batter, —watch them flop over by themselves.

\* \* \*

The story from Elko this week was that a jeweler accepted an old-age pension check as a down-payment on an engagement ring.

\* \* \*

The glass-packed pork and beans are best. The piece of pork that isn't there shows up in clearer detail.

\* \* \*

Rubbing pots and pans with garlic will get rid of the smell of fish.

\* \* \*

A Jack-Rabbit Homesteader who lives just west of Old Fort Oliver says he's adding another room to his little shack so's he'll have room to take a Sunday Paper.

\* \* \*

My lazy old rooster has a sense of humor. He is so lazy he won't even crow—just waits for another rooster to crow and then he nods approval. He should crow, though. His sweetheart hatched 24 chickens from the dozen double-yolked eggs I set under her.

## Full Moon November 15



A good night to get that tape recording of Old Don Coyote—as he will be out teaching Junior to yelp.



It's a wise man who profits by his own experience—but it's a good deal wiser one who lets the rattlesnake bite the other fellow.

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## Publisher's Notes . . .

The winter season has returned to the desert land. Here at the *Desert Magazine* pueblo we are brought out of estivation by dozens of friends who drop in to visit the Desert Art Gallery and Book Store. This winter's schedule of special art exhibits will be the finest that *Desert Magazine* has ever sponsored, and all of *Desert's* subscribers are cordially urged to visit our Palm Desert gallery. Visiting hours (until May) are from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., seven days of the week.

Featured shows this coming season include the oil paintings of Marjorie Reed, John Hilton, Fremont Ellis, Charles Reynolds, and Brownell McGrew. (Ellis is one of the leading artists of Santa Fe. Reynolds is one of the top painters of the Taos, New Mexico, group. The others are well-known California desert artists.)

For variety, the Desert Gallery will play host to one of the finest driftwood composition shows available in America when Paula Munson exhibits almost 40 pieces of Nature-sculptured work from November 20 to December 7.

The fascinatingly beautiful sandpaintings of David Villaseñor will decorate the Desert Gallery during the month of February.

\* \* \*

Next month's *Desert Magazine* will be a special Christmas issue, one that you may want to use for seasonal greetings to

friends. There will be full color on back and front plus an eight-page color insert in the center of the magazine. I know that you can't delay ordering your Christmas cards until after you see next month's *Desert Magazine*, but just in case you are one of the few who waits until the last minute to do your card-buying, remember *Desert Magazine* for that perfect message. Specially printed large mailing envelopes will be available in all issues of *Desert Magazine* that will be placed on the newsstands next month.

\* \* \*

The number of orders that have already been placed for *Desert* gift subscriptions indicates that a record crowd of happy people throughout the United States will be recipients, at Christmas time, of one of the nicest of all Southwest bounties—12 copies of *Desert Magazine* in the next year.

And it's not too late to do your last-minute shopping through the services of *Desert's* circulation department. Just drop us a line, telling us who you are, your address, and the name and address of the friend to whom you want *Desert* delivered for a year. We'll do the rest, including an attractive card announcing your gift.

We're accustomed to last-minute shoppers. You'd be surprised how many wait until AFTER New Year's Day to order rush Christmas subscriptions!

CHUCK SHELTON  
Publisher



# Desert — magazine of the OUTDOOR SOUTHWEST

Volume 22

NOVEMBER, 1959

Number 11

## COVER

Whispering Canyon. Blue palms and sheer walls mark this enchanting canyon on Angel de la Guarda Island in the Gulf of California. John Hilton, who painted this and the back cover scene, is one of the few men who have set foot in this glorious setting. In next month's *Desert Magazine*, subject of Hilton's third-of-four Baja California articles (see page 12 for his second installment) will be his exploration of this canyon.

The *Desert Magazine*, founded in 1937 by Randall Henderson, is published monthly by Desert Magazine, Inc., Palm Desert, California. Re-entered as second class matter July 17, 1948, at the postoffice at Palm Desert, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title registered No. 358865 in U.S. Patent Office, and contents copyrighted 1959 by Desert Magazine, Inc. Permission to reproduce contents must be secured from the editor in writing.

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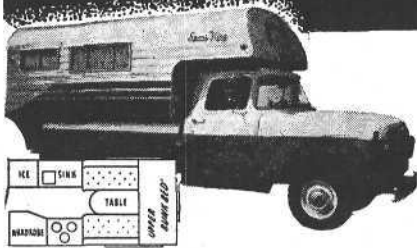
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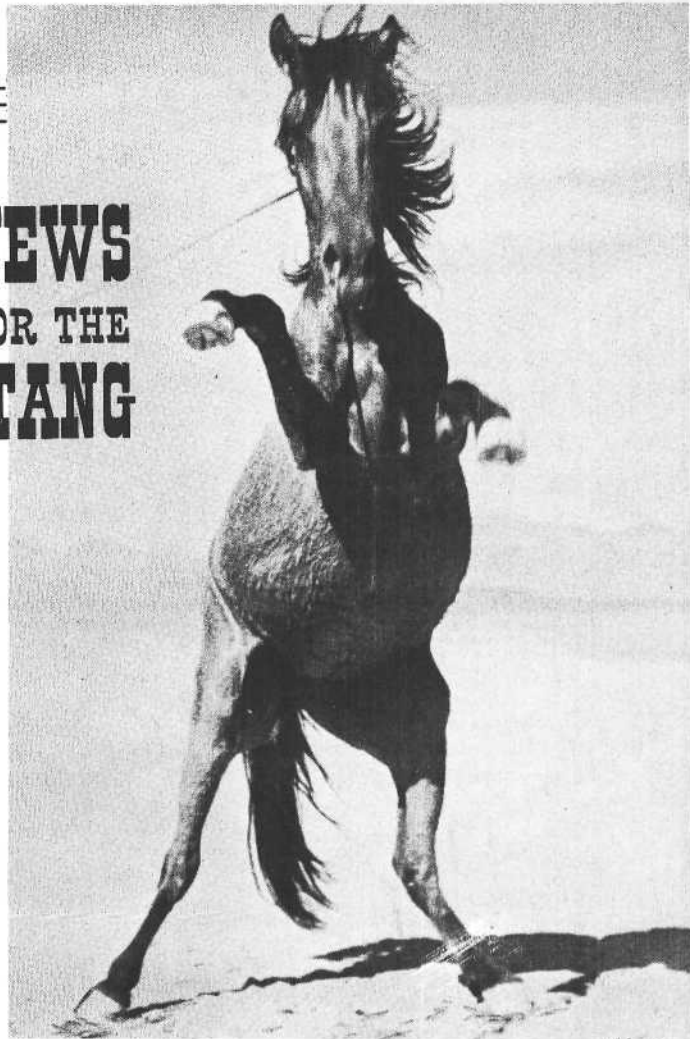
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## GOOD NEWS FOR THE MUSTANG



The West's persecuted mustang—and a Reno secretary who proudly bears the nickname, "Wild Horse Annie"—won big victories with the President's signing of the Baring Bill to outlaw the mechanized capture of wild horses and burros on public land. The bill also makes it unlawful for pet food suppliers to pollute desert watering holes—a trick designed to drive the thirsty animals to watering places at which the horse-hunters lie in ambush.

Velma "Wild Horse Annie" Johnston's "fight to save the mustang" was the featured article in the June '59 *Desert Magazine*—one of several boosts her campaign received in the national and local press.

Nevada Congressman Walter S. Baring's bill went through both houses of Congress without change or amendment. At earlier committee hearings the star witness was Mrs. Johnston and her portfolio of photographs by Gus Bundy which showed the cruel manner in which mustangs were being herded to their eventual slaughter. One of Bundy's photos accompanies this report.

The Baring Bill imposes a \$500 fine and/or six months in jail for "... whoever uses an aircraft or motor vehicle to hunt, for the purpose of capturing or killing, any wild unbranded horse, mare, colt, or burro running at large on any of the public land or ranges..." and "... whoever pollutes or causes the pollution of any watering hole on any of the public land or ranges for the purpose of trapping, killing, wounding, or maiming any of [the above mentioned animals]..."

"Have you ever wondered how it feels to touch a star? I can pretty well tell you," wrote Mrs. Johnston following receipt of her good news.

"The feeling is a combination of many things: exhilaration over the successful accomplishment of a difficult job; gratitude to all those who have helped to bring it about; great pride in living in a country where it is possible to fight for that in which one believes, and to be granted the right to speak for that belief before our lawmakers; sublime belief in the great capacity of the human mind and heart for a goodness and compassion when alerted to iniquities of any kind; profound joy because children—little and big, in their different ways and with their misspelled letters—responded to the dire plight of their animal friends..."

## PRESIDENT SIGNS BARING BILL



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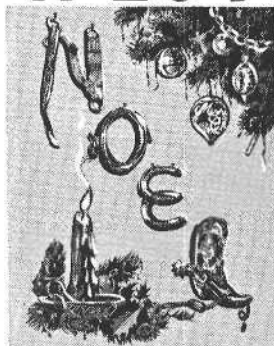
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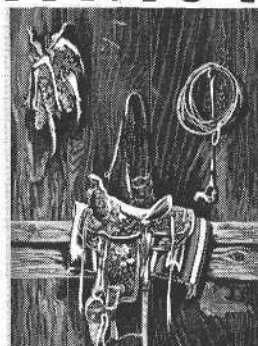
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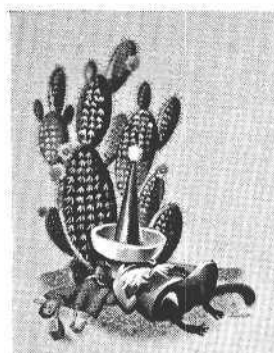
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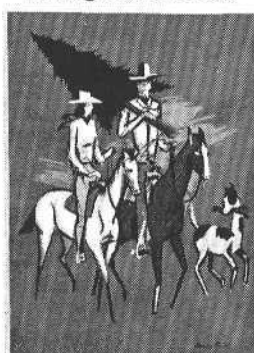
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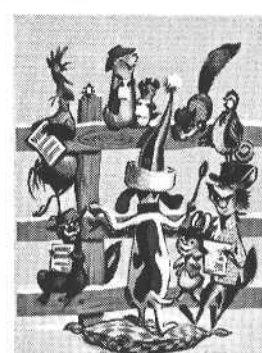


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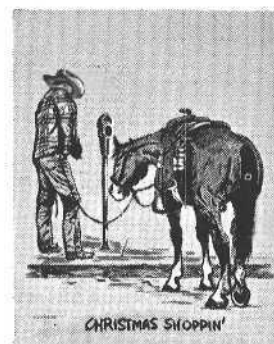
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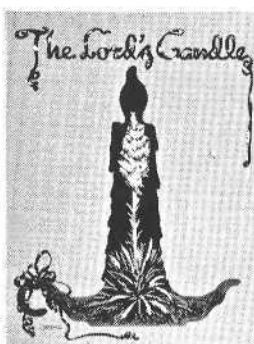
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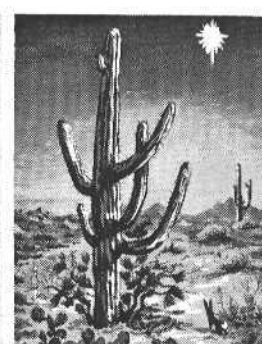
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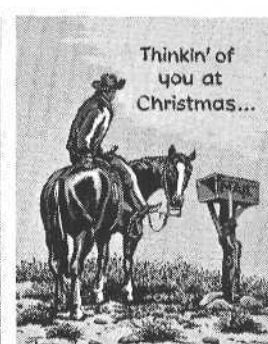
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## Photo Hints

Many an interesting scenic can be enhanced with the addition of a person. Indeed, so well does this work that the efforts of several well-known photographers can be recognized by the positioning of their figures.

People add important elements to a picture. If the foreground is weak—yet the scene has strong mountains and clouds—you need an advantageously placed human figure to balance out the

## People In Scenics

by Bob Riddell

photo. Have your model doing something to avoid that "posed" look. Let him or her look into the scene. Pointing—except by children who do a lot of it—is "corny," and there are other tricks that look better in print—such as having your model simulate taking a picture of the scene before you with a second camera. A model need not stand, either. Seat him or her on a rock, or at the edge of a cliff.

To add interest and feeling to a road scene, put the kids into the picture by having them walk toward the camera hand-in-hand. They should be close enough to the camera so they will not be "lost"—and back far enough so they will not dominate the scene (unless, of course, you want them to).

The vastness of many wonders of Nature are lost to a great degree when reduced on a print. A huge arch hundreds of feet in span loses its sweeping size when shot alone. But a figure standing or sitting to one side—to show scale—leaves no doubt as to the relative size of the object.

Other good subjects to show alongside humans: Saguaro cactus, mountains, lakes, waterfalls, unusual rock formations. A word of advice: Place your model where the result will be a well-composed picture. Be original: don't copy others.

When shooting color film, an old reliable trick is to have the subject in a red shirt, blouse, or dress to give that professional result and eye-catching appeal to your color scenes.

When planning a photographic outing,

don't forget the "props"—the second camera, picnic basket, binoculars. Utilize pretty girls and bicycles, horses and riders. Strangers won't mind posing for you—especially if you promise to send them a copy of the picture.

Scene accompanying this article shows my wife, Margie, posing beside an Organ Pipe cactus near Ajo, Arizona. I used a Rolleicord V camera, Tri-X film, and shot the picture at f. 11, 1/125th second, with yellow filter.—END

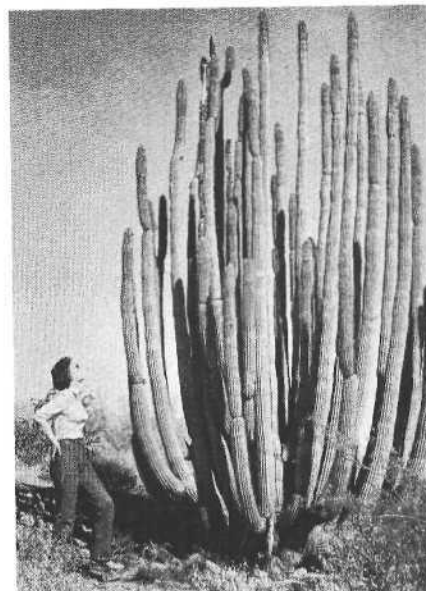
### "OVERLOOKED FORTUNES"

#### IN THE RARER MINERALS

Here are a few of the 300 or more rarer minerals and gemstones you may be overlooking while mining, prospecting or gem hunting. Uranium, vanadium, columbium, tantalum, tungsten, nickel, cobalt, selenium, germanium, bismuth, platinum, iridium, beryllium, golden beryl, emeralds, etc. Some minerals worth \$1 to \$2 a pound, others \$25 to \$100 an ounce; some beryllium gems worth a fortune! If looking for gems, get out of the agate class into the big money; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth \$500 to \$5000 or more! Now you can learn how to find, identify, and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes"—it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich! A postcard will do.

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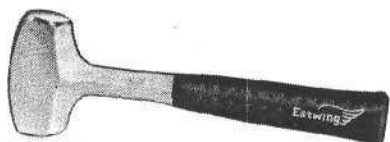
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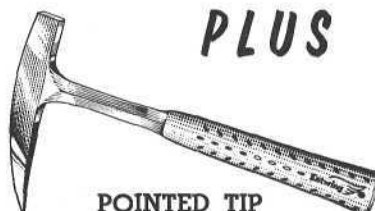
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### ROCKHOUND'S STANDARD

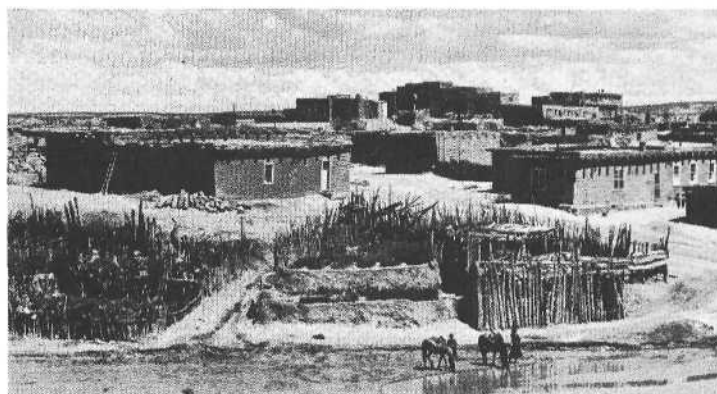
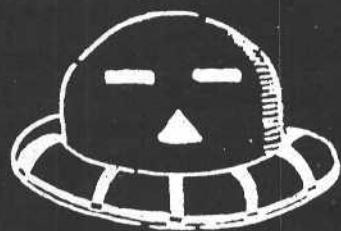
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# ZUNI VACATION



By BEATRICE C. HIGHT

**M**Y NEIGHBOR and I traded smiles. Then, we traded babies for a moment. Her dark-eyed fat-cheeked toddler gazed at me steadily, and put out a tiny brown hand. I knelt to her level and she allowed me to hold her small fingers. A smile flickered about her solemn little mouth.

My own blonde baby was not as brave. She held my skirt in front of her when the Zuni Indian mother greeted her. I showed my little one how the pueblo babe was holding my hand, and she timidly laid taut little fingers on our neighbor's gentle palm. A quiet chuckle won permission for a quick squeeze and sympathetic release.

We knew no words in one another's language. Though we had the universal understanding of mothers of small children, we could exchange no verbal pleasantries. With the Spanish "adios" we parted. Our little girls waved "bye" to one another.

My husband had a contract to build a Government hospital in the Zuni pueblo, 40 miles south of Gallup, New Mexico. The construction would take all summer,



**An Albuquerque contractor and his family spend a summer among the gentle Zuni people—a pueblo vacation to be remembered.**

◀ EVELYN HIGHT, 3, LIKED TO DRESS "INDIAN STYLE."

and we decided it would be a vacation for the children and me to live among the pueblo people with him.

The two-room adobe house we moved into was one of the few we found that had a secure roof and a wooden floor. Earth floors, hard-packed by the tread of feet over many decades, are the rule in Zuni. The roofs are mostly flat and dirt covered, and leak during the late summer rains.

Two rooms are cramped quarters for four children and two adults. We cooked and ate in one room. The other was filled with beds, chairs and a dresser. Our son had the dream of his young life fulfilled—a tent in the yard in which to sleep.

One afternoon the children and I were sitting on our tiny porch, shaded by the house from the sun's baking rays. An old man approached us. He swung a bulging sack from his shoulders and emptied its contents at our feet.

"Scarrots!" he announced. "Sturnips, beans, corn, for you."

"How wonderful!" I said, delighted. The man's fine old face beamed. I asked my son to get my purse so we could pay him for these good things.

"No, no," the Zuni protested quickly. "I give to you. I have fine gartin. You come see my gartin sometime. Your man know where Pete Hawa live. You bring kids. Come see nice gartin."

When my husband's eyes questioned the corn on the cob and fresh green beans tempting him to dinner, the children all told him about Pete—"And you know him!" they chorused.

"Pete Hawa! Sure I know him. He and my Dad were old amigos. Dad used to buy sheep from him. I'm glad Pete remembers me. We'll go see the old fellow's garden."

Pete was justly proud of his place. Each plant had its own little basin fashioned to receive rivulets of water he was able to coax from the nearly-dry Zuni river. With expansive gestures he showed us how he brought the water to his garden through a remarkable irrigation system.

Our neighbors were generous with gifts. They seldom came to call empty-handed. One friend brought me a pair of silver earrings set with turquoise that she had made. Many of these women are competent silversmiths. I exclaimed happily over my gift. I wanted to give her something as nice. I looked around our place wondering what



would please a pueblo woman. Sensing what I wanted to do, she picked up a cup and saucer and held them high for an admiring view. I quickly added the rest of the brightly-colored tea set; made her understand the pottery pieces were all hers. She was as pleased as I was with my handmade jewelry.

An elderly woman stopped by one morning. With her were two small children looking recently scrubbed. She said she was on her way to her daughter's house to help prepare a feast.

"Why are they having a feast?" I asked.

"Today my daughter, Matsuka, gets up."

"Gets up?" I was puzzled.

"Yes, she has been in her bed five days. She has a new little girl. Many ladies go to her house. We chop the wood. We carry much water from the well. We grind corn, cook meat and make a feast."

"How nice! Would you like to leave your grandchildren with me while you get ready for the feast?"

"Oh, many children there. They play nice together."

I knew she was right. The Zuni parents have no problem with their children's obedience. A quietly spoken word brings instant attention. We never saw slapping or spanking, nor did we hear open quarreling among the children. The nearest we saw two Zuni men come to blows was in one of the trading places. One man jerked the silver beads from the neck of another, who merely stooped to retrieve his beads while his assailant strode away.

There are two times in a male Zuni's life when he receives a notable whipping. The first occurs when he is seven years old. This is a public affair. We were among the spectators on a rooftop when several grandfathers brought their sobbing burdens up through a hatchway. The children were heavily padded and wrapped in blankets tied securely to the old men's backs. Six *Salymobias*—fierce warriors terrifying to behold in their blood-red masks trimmed with thick ruffs of raven feathers—stood in line. They held murderous-looking yucca thongs. The whips whacked and the children wailed as the grandfathers carried them by the warrior line. The blows were scarcely felt with all that strategic padding. The occasion was well remembered.

When these boys reach puberty they are again whipped—not publicly, but as part of the initiation into their respective clans. The whipping they receive on this occasion is not merciful.

We took afternoon walks around the village. We watched women in their clean cotton dresses and embroidered aprons take fragrant loaves of bread from the outdoor beehive-like ovens. The loaves were sometimes shaped like flowers or desert animals. Our children were delighted to receive warm bread "frogs."

They soon had playmates among the pueblo boys and girls. In the evening we could hear them all about us

counting in Zuni and English for "hide-and-seek," or playing the universal game of "tag." During the mornings when the sun made bright hot patches between the houses, groups of children would gather in the shade of adobe walls playing quieter games such as taking turns blowing a feather into the air to see how long it could be kept aloft.

One of the older girls helped me with housekeeping tasks. She washed dishes and did the family laundry, and was never in a hurry to leave when her work was done. She loved our children, and taught them to do a bit of weaving and beadwork that even small Zuni children are skilled in doing. Soon we all had headbands and beaded belts. Our little ones enjoyed dressing up like Indians, wearing beaded bands and feathers. They pranced about, receiving the good-natured laughter of their dark-skinned playmates.

We often picnicked under ancient juniper trees that dotted the red earth of the surrounding country. We enjoyed short hikes across the low-lying cactus-studded hills. The old Mission church fascinated us. We stood for long moments outside the fence that enclosed the crumbling ruin, for to enter was forbidden as well as dangerous. Tumbled adobe walls and collapsed roof have left a skeleton of beams bare to heaven.

Walking along the outer lanes and rutted roads we greeted farmers with their smiling families hurrying along in their clattery wagons. Once we came upon one of these farm wagons filled with melons. I was about to signal the driver to stop so we could buy some of his produce when a group of grotesquely-masked "mudheads" emerged from their roadside hiding place. Their pinkish clay disguises frightened my children, but I told them that these Zunis were merely clowns. They commanded the farmer to halt, then began berating him in loud voices. He looked downcast, and paid his "fine" for the trumped-up charges against him by giving each masked-man a melon. The mudheads are judges and disciplinarians as well as entertainers.

On late afternoons gracefully swaying women returning from the central well passed our house in colorful groups. Their heads and shoulders were wrapped in gayly-designed sheer woolen shawls woven in faraway Czechoslovakia. The pueblo traders were able to import these favored shawls before the Iron Curtain descended. Balanced on top of the women's heads were large pottery jars filled with water, giving the bearers enviable poise as they walked. Warm smiles greeted us from the groups. Some of our friends stopped for a chat. We were able then to converse in simple terms in the Zuni language.

We spent a full summer of varied experiences. We watched rain dances, stick races and corn dances. In the quiet evenings we listened to the town herald call the news of the day from the highest rooftop. There was no newspaper published in Zuni and we had no telephone.—END

# ZUNI GODS THAT DANCE

By AMY PASSMORE HURT

On a predestined night in late November or early December, the 10-foot Shalako katchinas will come to Zuni Pueblo to bless the new homes in an ancient and reverent ceremony.

SIX GODS, animated bird-like creatures 10-feet tall; 10 bizarre clay-masked mudheads; a sprinkling of Indian singers; a cold winter night with a dash of moonlight;

a timeless pueblo teeming with people—ingredients for the spectacular Zuni Shalako Ceremony.

Announcement of the Shalako date—determined by a



## The Shalako Rite Is a Combination Thanksgiving and Christmas for the Zunis . . .

Continued from Preceding Page

certain phase of the moon in late November or early December—is first made by the mudheads. I was fortunate to be in the village the night they arrived from the Sacred Lake near St. Johns, Arizona. All about the plaza children were playing and dogs barking. Hundreds of gaily dressed women and black-blanketed men waited on the rooftops.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the 10 mudheads in their huge polliwoggish mud masks entered the village. The same pink clay that went into the headdresses was smeared over their bodies, and they were nude except for black breechclouts, black neckerchiefs and fringed moccasins.

Shouting jokes to the spectators and clowning their way in and around the plaza and through the narrow dirt streets, the mudheads announced that there would be eight more nights of sleep before the Shalako gods would arrive to dedicate the new houses and recent additions to old houses that had come into being during the past year.

Then the mudheads retired to the "holy house" where they were to remain in absolute sanctity and celibacy until the festival.

Almost immediately the preparations began for the Shalako—a combination Thanksgiving and Yuletide for

the Zunis. In the days that followed, I watched as every house and addition to be blessed was decked in its best. Beautiful blankets were hung on the walls amid festoons of gay calico. Bunches of paper flowers and other decorations precious to their owners were exhibited.

For three days prior to the Shalako, the villagers fasted. On the dawn of the great day they butchered hundreds of sheep, and all the little beehive mud ovens were stoked with coals for baking. The great feast was prepared—mutton stew, corn gruel, blue *piki* (sacred cornmeal bread that looks like blotting paper), stewed fruits, great brown crusty loaves of bread and gallons of hot coffee. In addition there were "store bought" potato-chips, fig newtons and cases of soda pop.

As the big day began to wane, excitement rose. Just at sunset everyone went to the edge of the village to watch the arrival of the Shalako figures. It is an impressive sight. To one side stood the ancient pueblo, its sandstone walls red with the dying sun. A full moon was rising in the east amid pink- and lavender-tinged clouds. From behind a little mound far to our right a strange procession wound its way across the fields. The six giant Shalako gods, their motor-power provided by the man inside each full-length mask, drew nearer. From time to time they made queer clacking sounds, like unknown birdcalls.

As the Shalakos and their attendants entered the village, they were met by several Zuni women who sprinkled sacred meal over them. Then the giant birds knelt to pray, giving forth weird moaning sounds that made me shiver.

Rising, the Shalakos and the accompanying Zuni "choir" proceeded into the plaza. Each Shalako made for the house he had been assigned to bless.

One place, brilliantly lighted within and without by gasoline lanterns and lamps, rated the blessings from two gods. I made my way into the circle of light to better observe the details of the Shalakos' truly spectacular dress.

The man within is concealed except for his disproportionately small moccasined feet below the 10-foot-high costume. The carrier has a peephole to look out of a little above the god's waistline. From time to time I caught the flash of an eye from behind the cloth.

The domed head bears a pair of horns and a fan-like headdress of eagle feathers, touched off with a tuft of brilliant orange and green feathers. The face is painted turquoise, and around the neck of the mask is a ruff of feathers and a gorgeous turquoise necklace. Long black hair, made from horses' tails, hangs down the back. The eyes are a weird triangle of black.

Most impressive feature of the mask is its duck-bill. This is 18-inches long, the lower wood piece on hinges. When the carrier pulls a string, the bill comes together with a clacking sound.

Body of the mask, which resembles a conical tent, is made from white hand-embroidered ceremonial blankets. The needlework is exquisitely beautiful in color and design.

The Shalakos, together with the mudheads and other Zuni gods, are the embodiment of sacred katchinas who, according to the belief of the tribesmen, live in Katchina Village at the bottom of Sacred Lake.

Originally, the Zunis say, the katchinas visited the pueblo in person to conduct these religious ceremonies. But, each time they returned to their underwater village they took a Zuni with them—"someone who died." In addition, Zuni maidens became so enamored of the beautiful gods that they grew dissatisfied with mortal village lads. Thus, heartache resulted from the gods' visitation. The Zunis held a consultation and came up with a solution: henceforth the villagers would impersonate the gods and conduct their own ceremonies. These rites would lack none



of the religious significance which the gods themselves could impart, so long as masks were worn and the ceremonies carried out properly.

The Zunis believe the annual appearance of the god impersonators brings great happiness and good fortune, especially to those householders who entertain them.

The two Shalakos I observed were greeted effusively by the homeowners. Making clacking sounds, the Shalakos halted before the front door, and while the singers held up blankets as a screen, the mask carriers crawled out from beneath their costumes to take part in the threshold ceremonies.

I forgot the cold air as I watched the two carriers and two "alternates" bury seeds and prayersticks under the threshold, both inside and out. The four men were identically dressed. They looked a great deal like page boys. When this part of the rite was completed, the two carriers took up their masks again and the whole group entered the house.

Since the Shalakos are too tall to be accommodated otherwise, the earth had been dug away from some parts of the floor. A line of cornmeal ran from the door to a small altar in the far corner of the room. Before it were baskets of corn and cornmeal. In the center of the room was a hole covered over with a board—the repository for sacred prayer plumes placed therein by the Shalakos as they blessed the house. Hanging from the ceiling was a blue board to which was attached a Katchina doll and a small box. This was the household's "Shalako shrine," and in this box one of the Shalakos deposited a prayer plume. This and the other feathers would remain in the room so long as it stands, for their function is to ward off evil.

When this part of the ceremony was over, the Shalakos were given a drink of sacred water from a basin near the altar—water that had been brought from Sacred Lake. After drinking, the Shalakos blessed the sides of the room with sacred meal and yucca wands. Then the great figures retired to a corner of the room to recite their prayers of dedication. Indians and whites alike stood in reverent silence.

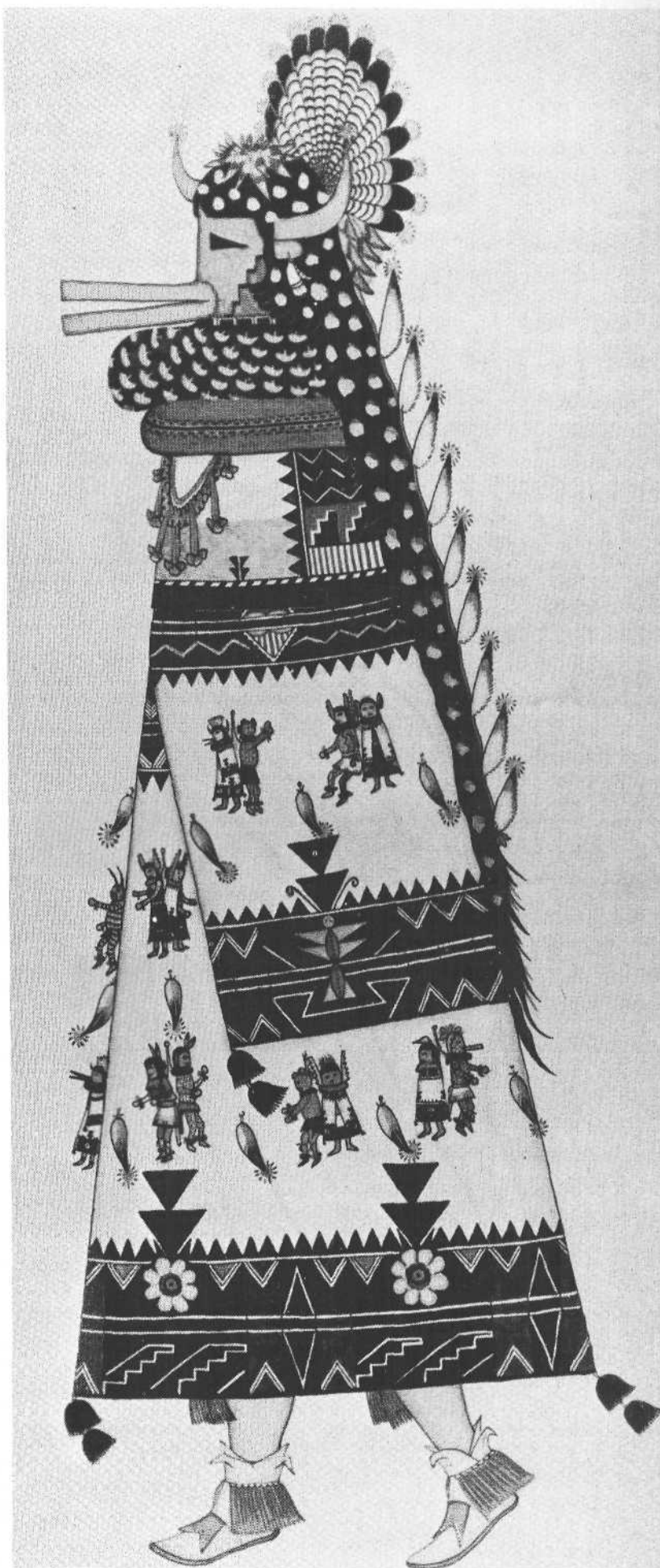
At midnight the feast began. A portion of the food was "buried" in the nearby river—a sacrificial offering destined to reach the Sacred Lake and the Katchinas.

The Shalakos were the first to be fed by the householders. Then food was urged on everyone present. There was much laughing and banter now, and the gay spirits of the Indians were infectious. A space was cleared for dancing in each home, with the Shalakos participating awkwardly in their mincing bird-like fashion.

The beating of the drums and the chanting of the singers became almost hypnotic, so that when the lateness of the hour and sheer fatigue caused the drummers and singers to depart, the stillness was almost oppressive. By dawn most of the other Indian performers, including the Shalakos, had left to take a nap.

Shortly after sun-up the Shalakos again appeared, this time standing in a row in the plaza. Before them stretched a line of six holes, spaced about 150 feet apart. The Shalakos took turns racing to the different holes, where they left prayer feathers. At last they filed off toward the symbolic center of the world, and spectators were told not to follow farther than the edge of the village.

One by one, now, the visitors began to leave. The Navajos and other Indians in their wagons and pickup trucks, the whites in their passenger cars. We had witnessed a native American appeal to the Divine Spirit that was as old as mankind itself: "Bless This Home."—END



AWA TSIRAH'S PAINTING OF A 10-FOOT SHALAKO GOD—A FIGURE THAT IS NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED AND RARELY SKETCHED. 

# BAHIA de los ANGELES



Part II of a  
four-installment account  
by

Artist-Writer

**JOHN HILTON**

of his most recent travels  
and explorations

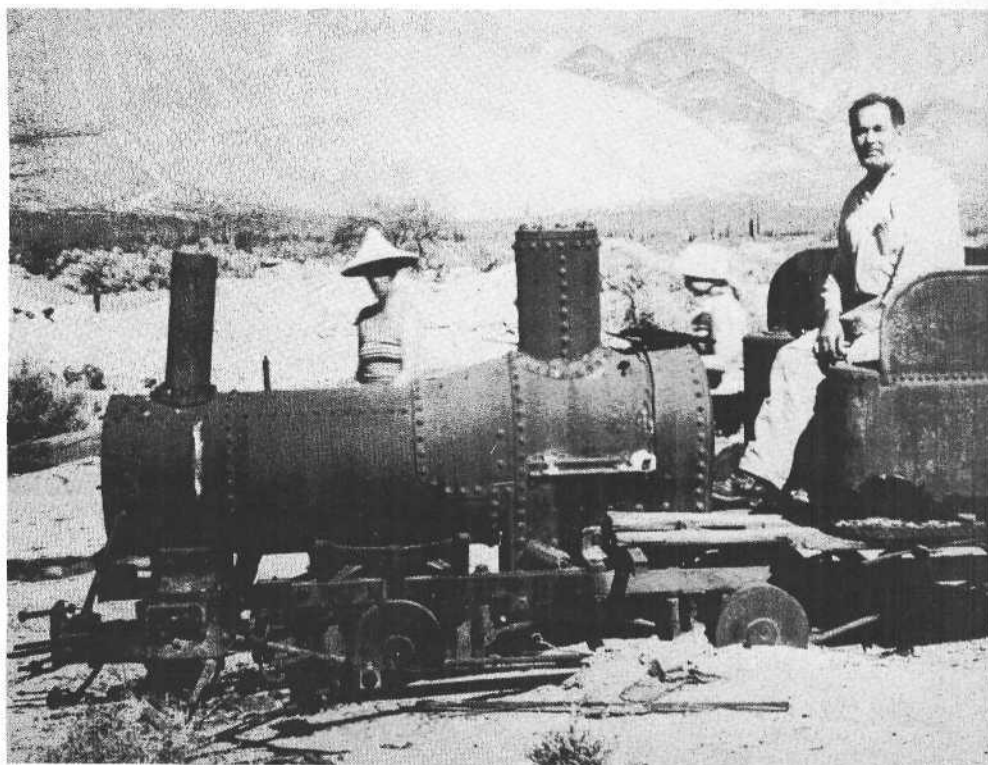
IN

**Baja California**

NEXT MONTH:

Part III: Whispering Canyon

See reproductions of Hilton's  
paintings on front and back  
covers of this issue.



THIS TOY-SIZE LOCOMOTIVE ONCE  
HAULED EMPTY ORE CARS UPGRADE  
TO END OF TRAM AT LAS FLORES.

**T**HERE IS a golden magic to the dawn at Bahia de los Angeles. A slow-motion explosion of yellow and orange suffuses the sky behind the sharply cut silhouette of Guardian Angel Island. Gradually the blue-black waters of the Gulf of California turn to a topaz mirror and the gray stark desert mountains that dip their feet in the bay glow like embers in the spotlight of morning. Even the air turns to gold and the commonest objects take on a special aura of beauty.

Lucky are those who have risen a few minutes before the miracle starts and have walked down the long crescent of ebbtide toward the sandspit. From there the transformation is an experience to be remembered a lifetime. People often ask me why I keep going back to the Bay of Angels. Of course there are many reasons such as the fishing, sea shell collecting, the delightful people who live there, and the type of visitors who find their way to the place, but I believe that those golden dawns are the prime factor that draws me back like a magic magnet.

On such a morning one cannot look long at the shimmering waters with-

out seeing the splash of jumping fish or the flurry of a school of sardines being attacked by larger species to the accompanying cries of swirling, diving gulls.

Here the fishing is almost invariably good. It is hard to imagine anyone getting up early enough and out onto that bay with the proper tackle who could not catch plenty of fish. Some fishermen with ambitions to catch marlin or sailfish and nothing else, are naturally disappointed. Such men should go on down to the plush hotels and high priced boats of La Paz where fishing is judged by the hundredweight. Bahia de Los Angeles has produced an occasional marlin or sailfish but is not at all famous for these.

The way to enjoy real fishing here, or any place else for that matter, is to fish for the species that are running at the time, and appreciate the particular and distinctive qualities of each individual kind of fish. A sierra caught on light tackle gives the fisher-



man as big a fight as a larger fish caught on heavier equipment. Yet a sierra weighing as much as five pounds may become the bait later in the day for a 40-pound garupa or a 70-pound totuava.

Morning is the very best time to troll for top fish like sierra, bonita, yellowtail, roosterfish or toro. Once in a while, usually late in summer or early fall, one might be lucky enough to catch a golden dolphin called "El Dorado." This is truly a treasure of the sea, one of the most delicious of all the sea foods of the gulf. It is also the most beautiful. If there is a camera-fan in the crowd, he should have his equipment ready for action to catch a color photo of the full beauty of El Dorado. Its golden flash as it skims through the water and leaps into the air should be caught by someone with a motion picture camera equipped with a zoom lens. I have yet to see such a sequence that does the subject justice.

There are only a few seconds for the still photographer to capture the entire beauty of this snub-nosed golden fish with its dark blue spots outlined in fluorescent turquoise. The dolphin's life is extremely short out of water, then its color quickly fades to a sickly yellow with black and gray spots. When the color is gone so is the life of the dolphin, and one stands there feeling a strange illogical remorse which is guaranteed to disappear when he tastes the luscious pan fried steaks or tries the meat raw in the island manner. To prepare dolphin without cooking, cut the very fresh meat into half-inch cubes, cover this with a paste of grated onion seasoned with three-quarters Chinese Soy Sauce and one quarter lime or lemon juice. Some people like a dash of tabasco in this mixture, others prefer a little Worcestershire Sauce. I find either or both of these good with other uncooked fish such as corvina or garupa, but for the delicate flavor of the dolphin I recommend just the Soy Sauce and lime with the onion. Marinate the fish in this sauce for two to three hours on ice, then serve as an appetizer with crisp crackers.

Friends who have eaten this dish almost always ask Barbara how she cooked it, and she delights in watching their faces when she explains: "It isn't cooked." Most of them come back for more, however, and marvel that they have actually eaten raw fish and enjoyed it.

The bayshore is a wonderful place to fish in the evening, especially if there is an incoming tide. There are small spotted bass to be taken with

spinning tackle and small lures. Once while we were camping out in the old mining house right on the water front, we sat on the porch and watched a really expert fisherman hook and finally land a 12-pound corvina on the lightest of spinning tackle and a trout pole. Patiently working up and down the beach, wading out to his waist at times when most of his line was gone, he finally caught the silver beauty by flipping it onto the beach with one hand while still holding a tight line with the other. No one had a camera ready so the moment was lost except in the memory of those who watched.

I believe the laziest way to fish at the bay is to take a deck chair down on the beach and bait fish for small bass and sand sharks. A small boy could be hired at a nominal sum to take the fish off the hook and bait it. For those fishermen who insist that

SEA TURTLES ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE ECONOMY OF THE VILLAGE — ONLY OTHER REAL INCOME BESIDES THAT DERIVED FROM VISITORS TO THE DIAZ PLACE.



catching fish is no object and all they want to do is sit and think while their line is in the water, I suggest they put nothing but a sinker on the line. Fish have been known to bite empty hooks in these waters.

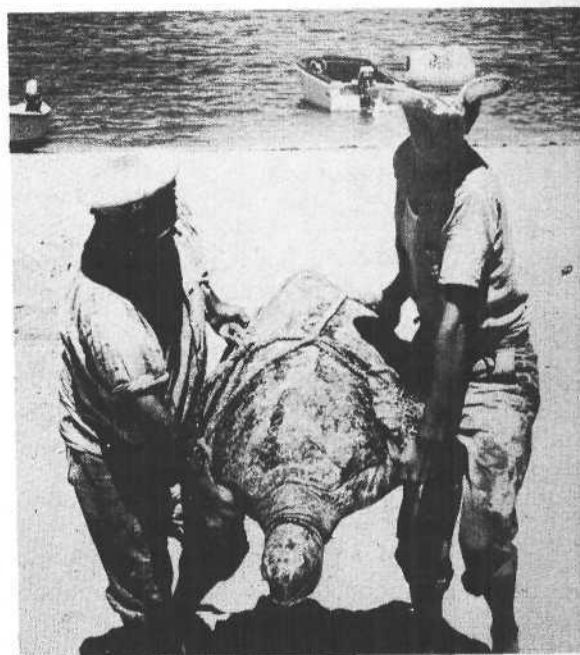
Those who like water sports find plenty of fun late in the afternoon water skiing or swimming. The area where the swimmers are is quite safe from sharks and sting rays since these creatures do not like noise and there is usually quite a noisy crowd of children splashing about at high tide. Wading or swimming at low tide and in areas where there is no noise can be dangerous unless one follows simple rules: "Shuffle your feet when you walk along a sandy bottom. Remember sting rays don't like noise. Slap the water or pound two rocks together under water and they will clear out." Rays are only dangerous when they are hiding in shallow water. They cover themselves with a film of sand and, if stepped upon, will retaliate with a painful and serious wound.

A remedy for the sting grows along these desert shores in the form of a hairy cactus (*Lophocereus Schottii*) known locally as "Carambullo," and along the Sonora border as "Senisa." A slice of this plant is placed on the top of a stove or over the fire until it is as hot as can be tolerated. Then

it is placed cut-side down over the wound. A sting that might put a man in the hospital for weeks usually clears up in the first 10 or 12 hours with this treatment which removes pain and poison in a few minutes after application.

We enjoy spearing large rays at low tide in the estero a few miles south of the Diaz home. Here is also good shell collecting and butter clams in shallow sand-beds.

The estero is a favorite spot of ours not only for its fishing, but for its shell collecting and the fish and sting



ray spearing possibilities. It is a place of high drama for anyone who really loves Nature, and it should be a great spot for Nature photographers with telephoto lenses and plenty of patience.

Everything eats everything else in the estero. The sharks, rays and fish wait at the mouth for the tide to run in. The smaller fish come to get the crabs that are shedding their shells. The bat rays are after the clams. They dig them by hovering over the clam beds and flapping their wing-like flippers under water. The suction created pulls the sand from the clams and leaves them bare, to be gobbled up whole.

The estero is never the same. Some days we have found a hundred snow-white moon shells crawling about after the water receded. At other times there are no moon shells at all. Sometimes it is possible to spear a good meal of blue crabs in a few minutes, but the next time you come here the crabs may be scarce and skittish. Once I found a whole colony of strange

glass-spined sea biscuits (relatives of sand dollars and sea urchins). These creamy crawling creatures were only a few inches in the sand and buried under humps of their own making, but when I came back for more there were thousands of purple-black sand dollars with key hole patterns in the same area—and no sea biscuits.

For the rock collector, the Sierra de las Animas, rising from the alluvial fan behind the estero, is a rich hunting ground for desert roses and agaves of various sorts.

The high tide line on many of the bay and island beaches affords a unique hunting ground for a whole series of pumice specimens never dreamed of by most collectors. Pumice pebbles that have been blown ashore lie mixed with seaweeds, driftwood, sea fans, bird and fish bones, and, of course, sea shells.

These pebbles range in color from black through browns, grays, bright yellows and oranges, brick red, silver-gray, and even pink. There are also banded and streaked examples of the various color combinations. A good collection of these in more or less uniform sizes would make a wonderful project of which any serious collector could be proud. Besides color changes, sometimes there are crystal inclusions in the pumice. I have found, for instance, golden-yellow pumice dotted with model six-sided plates of gold-colored mica. Small clear crystals occasionally are found in tiny pumice cavities. The material is abundant and varied.

Not far from Bahia de los Angeles is the old mining camp of Las Flores where several hundred men and their families lived years ago to work an extensive gold and silver property. About all that remains now are the ruins of the mill, the old stone jail, and the tiny locomotive that hauled the ore cars to the end of the tramway. When the town died it was torn down for its lumber.

Those who really want to climb and explore can follow the tortuous trail up the high mountain behind the camp to the main mine workings. No one has been up there in years. Whether anything is left of ore samples or not is not known to me. I only go down to the Bay in warm weather and it is usually far too hot on the mountain-side to climb that high.

I did, however, go on a long hike with Senor Ocana who is the fabulous mechanic at the bay, in search of "rubies" that turned out to be garnets.

We drove several miles back up the main road to the bay. A large side-canyon opens into the long wash the

road follows. This canyon leads south and can be traversed by Jeep for a few miles. From the end of this trail we hiked southeast up a deep canyon until we reached a high spring. Here grow cottonwoods, date palms, fig trees and other plants said to have been brought to this spot by the Jesuit fathers who founded San Borja Mission. This is the watering place of deer, mountain sheep, coyotes, bobcats and all manner of birds and smaller wildlife. It would be an excellent spot for a Nature photographer to camp. The trip could be made partly on mule back and supplies could be brought in by mules rented from my friend Basilio at the bay. There are places on the trail, however, where one would have to dismount and pull the mule up the steep ascents.

Not far from this spring is an old lead and silver property which carried a little copper and gold. About two miles beyond the spring we came upon tight narrow pegmatite ledges that were dotted with garnets like raisins in cookies. Of the thousands we collected, perhaps two dozen were clean crystals that would cut from one to three carats of brilliant deep red gems. I felt they were worth the hike, and certainly the spring and its surroundings are worth the climb. I do hope no one takes a gun along on this outing. The animals and birds must come here to drink and are at such a marked disadvantage that it would be most unsportsmanlike to shoot them.

This climb takes one through some of the finest cirios, elephant trees, giant agaves and other Baja California plants I have ever seen. It is a photographer's delight. In fact I took so many photos on the way that I was out of film by the time I reached the spring.

The San Borja Mission is a few hours drive from the bay and certainly should be visited by anyone who comes this far in a wheeled vehicle. Here, in a dramatic valley surrounded by volcanic cliffs, is a church built of hand-hewn calcareous tufa that has weathered the ravages of time to become one of the best preserved structures of its sort. Hot and cold springs water the oasis garden of the few remaining residents where once several thousand Indians lived. Fruits and vegetables from these gardens are a delight to the traveler and are sold at reasonable prices by the friendly residents.

There is no lack of attractions in the general area of Bahia de los Angeles. The sandspit that forms the crescent of protection for the calm inner-harbor is a delightful spot to visit on

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FLOWERS AND "HAIRY FRUITS" ON CREOSOTE BUSH

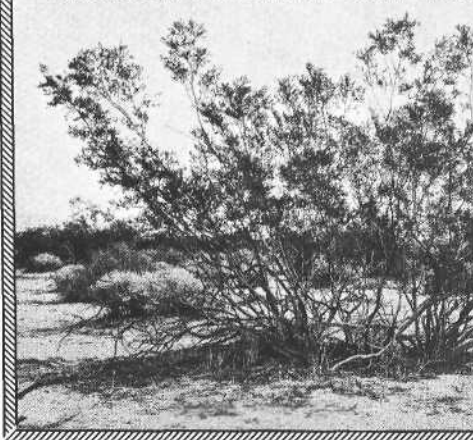
# CREOSOTE BUSH --

## The Arid Land Scraggy Emble

By

EDMUND C. JAEGER, D.Sc.  
Curator of Plants  
Riverside Municipal Museum

THE CREOSOTE BUSH IS NOT A "PRETTY" PLANT.





**CREOSOTE BUSH** (*Larrea divaricata*) is with little doubt the most successful woody plant of the American deserts, especially in Arizona and California where it is often the most dominant shrub and gives a characteristic brown-green appearance to many landscapes. It is prevalent also in parts of arid Mexico and even has established outposts in the deserts of southern Brazil and Chile.

It is an extremely tough shrub, and stands abuse from the elements beyond belief, enduring extreme drouth over long periods of time, as well as great heat and harsh desiccating winds. Only occasionally do you see a dead one; I cannot remember having seen a diseased one. A few minor parasites prey upon the creosote bush, but when they do both parasites and host seem to get along in perfect amity year after year.

The creosote bush's remarkable success is primarily due to its very adequate root system. Some of its long roots spread out widely near the ground surface to drink water from shallow penetrating rains, others go very deep, sometimes even 30 or 40 feet, to dependable sources of moisture needed to carry the plant through really severe drouths. In the almost unprecedented dry spell of 1909-1912 when not a drop of rain was known to have fallen in three years near Bagdad, California, in the eastern Mojave Desert, the hardy creosote bushes were among the few shrubs that survived. At the end of this drouth all except the youngest creosote plants were ready to spring back, put on new growth and flourish with the first good rains.

The creosote bush's resin-surfaced leaves which effectively prevent rapid evaporation, and its bitter sap and odor which discourage browsing animals from eating it are other potent factors contributing to this woody plant's success.

This strong-scented shrub is known in Mexico, particularly in Sonora, as *hediondilla*—"the little bad smeller," and around Chihuahua and San Luis Potosi as *huamis*. Another name, *gobernadora*, (literally, "the governess") refers to its medicinal use as a regulator and aid in the treatment of many diseases. In some parts of its range, particularly in western Texas, it is called "grease-wood," a name only correctly applied to *Sarcobatus*, a plant of alkaline flats.

The question I am most often asked about the creosote bush is: "Is creosote commercially extracted from this plant?" The answer is no. The inexpensive and odorous wood preservative and disinfectant—creosote—is derived from wood-tar from several trees including beechwood and hickory. The name creosote bush undoubtedly was given by folks who compared the bush's pungent odor to that of the wood-tar product.

From this shrub is obtained a gum-resin or shellac called "Sonora gum." It is really the product of a scale insect living on the stems. Papago and other Indians used it for the mending of their clay vessels and for fixing points to their arrow shafts.

The Papagos have a legend to the effect that this creosote gum saved them from destruction in the Great Deluge. Iito or Elder Brother was told by the gods of the impending flood, and he made for himself a creosote gum cask with lid. In this, when the waters came, he floated four times around the world. When the flood subsided, he landed on the northern Gulf of California shore in Sonora. And so there and in nearby Arizona to this very day live his people, the Papagos.

In the early days of Palm Springs, California, I witnessed the most unusual Cahuilla Indian "Feast of Caterpillars" in which creosote plays a prominent role. It was mid-March of a wet year and the giant beds of sweet sand verbenas and fields of evening primroses were being devoured by countless thousands of large 1½-to-2½-inch-long black and yellow sphinx-moth larvae.

On the morning of the feast several of the men and older boys went into the surrounding creosote bush flats and began cutting the branches, bringing them in and piling them up in an open spot near the hot spring. Nearby was a plot of ground which had been smoothed, watered and thoroughly tramped down. On this the branches were placed and set afire. Soon black and brown smoke arose from the deep yellow flames. Brush was fed to the fire for an hour, until a deep bed of hot coals several inches thick remained. These were later removed, and the intensely hot earth swept with brush-bundle brooms.

In the meantime women and older children had been out in the flower fields "harvesting" the caterpillars in cornucopia-like baskets. Then the skinned "worms" were thrown onto the hot earth to fry to crispness in their own fat.

When done, the curled-up tidbits were fished off the hot earth with a willow stick, half-cooled, then eaten with great eagerness, just as certain native peoples of India eat with evident relish the fried larvae of silkworms.

The only small mammals making use of the creosote bush are the jack rabbits and the pack rats. The former at certain times of the year bite off numerous branchlets, apparently to sharpen their front cutting teeth. Sometimes I find a complete circle of these gnawed-off twig ends, each with its telltale toothmarks.

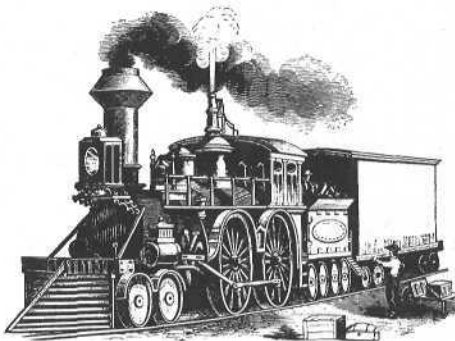
Desert-dwelling pack rats like to "decorate" their stick houses with almost any kind of greenery, but the short green twigs of juniper and creosote bush are a favorite. I recently saw on a moonlit night in Panamint Valley a wood rat harvest such branchlets. She ran out almost to the end of the stems, then cleverly clipped off the terminal part, looking down with rapt attention as each twig fell to the ground. When a sufficient number were felled, she climbed down and carried them one by one to the stick-house she was building under a nearby mesquite bush.

The creosote bush has its own grasshopper, peculiar among insects of its kind because of the silver markings on its wings. On hot summer mornings it is common to hear its wispy ventriloquistic stridulations. If you hear this small intriguing musician's "tzit-tzit" note, most likely it is clinging lengthwise on the far side of a limb, and so well camouflaged that you must look twice to make sure it is really a winged insect. There is a small creosote bush katydid that is equally noisy at times and just as good as his grasshopper neighbor in eluding detection. (See *Desert Magazine*, Oct. '57.)

The creosote bush blooms at various times, but the usual time of flowering of this handsome many-stemmed shrub is March or April. The display of yellow flowers, each with petals peculiarly turned like the blades of a propeller, is soon followed by numerous five-parted blueberry-sized fruits, covered deep with a loose pile of long glistening white hairs. A most appealing sight is a bush loaded at the same time with flowers and numerous silver-haired fruits.

The time immediately after showers—when the air is heavy with the clean spicy aroma of *Larrea*—is one very dear to the heart of every desert lover.—END

# A BOY'S EYEVIEW OF THE WILD WEST



## Part Two NEEDLES 1901-1904

By HARRISON DOYLE

WE ARRIVED in Needles four days after the terrible Franconia train wreck east of Topock, which had taken the lives of 24 and left many mangled and burned. The train and engine crews of Number 4 were from Needles.

The first thing I did when we got settled was to begin looking around for ways a twelve year old boy could earn a little spending money. A veteran along the same line in earlier youthful years in Randsburg, it didn't take me long to get a business start in the new stamping ground.

Billy Hutt, our neighbor out on Second Street, offered me two-bits each for all the desert tortoises I could bring in. He ate them—kept them in his back yard like other people kept chickens.

It took me two weeks to catch three undersized turtles, and I decided there must be better ways of becoming rich.

I began running errands for, and carrying meals to, the men in the poker games in Billy and Charley Lamar's Barber Shop and Club Rooms, next to Quinn's Saloon. I also wangled the job of delivering the weekly *Needle's Eye*, published by L. V. Root, who was also Justice of

the Peace. When hobos were caught, "L. V." invariably gave them 90 days in the San Bernardino County Jail. He later became known far and wide over the desert as "90 Day Root."

Unlike Randsburg, which had little water and no trees, Needles had plenty of both. It was a brilliant, green oasis on the edge of the seven-mile-wide Colorado River Bottomlands, which meandered ribbon-like, down to the cleft in the buff and tan-colored mountains near the three needle-like spires on the Arizona side, from which both town and Indians (Moh-cav-vah, for Three Peaks), derived their names.



Harrison Doyle lives in Vista, California, where he recently retired after a short stint as an avocado farmer. Before that Doyle was for 40 years in the electric motor and power business in Southern California. He is now devoting full time to writing technical books and short stories, and to his hobbies of prospecting, mining, mineral collecting and "just plain desert exploring." Part I of his "Boy's Eyevue" appeared in *Desert's* August issue.

There were many varieties of shade trees. Washingtonia palms, umbrella trees, oleanders, tamarisk, and a kind of tough grass that grew in the little parks between the Main Line Tracks and the town's Front Street.

One day, shortly after our arrival there, I saw my eleven-year-old sister Hazel running for home as fast as her thin freckled legs could take her, her long, golden-red hair streaming straight out behind. Two Mohave Indian girls, laughing and gesticulating, were paddling along right behind her. It was no laughing matter for "Haid-dee." She tore into our house while the Indian girls stood outside and giggled. It turned out all they wanted was to get a close look at her hair, red hair being a real novelty to the Indians.

The Mohave Indians were, in like manner, a continual source of wonder to us. Most of the bucks were big, broad-shouldered, perfect physical specimens, well over six feet tall. Both men and women wore their hair long. The men generally put theirs up under tightly tied silk kerchiefs, some sky blue, some purple. Under these scarves the bucks sometimes plastered



their hair with yellow river mud, their way of "shampooing" it. The Indian bucks kept themselves beardless by pulling their whiskers out with tweezers.

For shirts, the Indian men wore jet black, long-sleeved cotton undershirts. Many of the younger ones sported foot-long, brightly colored ribbons which fluttered from their elbows. Trousers were of black or blue denim. Both men and women went barefoot.

The squaws were mostly heavy set. All, young and old, wore long-sleeved waists and ankle-length skirts, generally black, or in shades of dark blue or purple. Over these they invariably wore a sort of shawl-blanket, made by sewing together four large size red or blue figured kerchiefs.

Many of the squaws had black, tattooed lines running down the sides and fronts of their chins. Their long, coal black hair hung below their waists.

It was too hot in summer for me to go barefoot. But the bottoms of the Indians' feet were like sole leather, and they could walk calmly across a blazing stretch of sand.

At meal time an Indian family would sit on the ground, around the pots of food, and help themselves with their fingers. They were friendly, and often invited the town kids to eat with them.

New, and completely fascinating to me, during the long, hot summer months, was the continual high pitched song of the cicadas in the shade trees. They looked like giant horse flies, were a couple of inches long, and hard to catch.

Bats fluttered about eerily during

the early evenings, and lightning bugs flickered here and there—the first I'd ever seen. Drove of four-inch moths fluttered unceasingly around the white arc lights in front of the Depot. Scorpions and centipedes were old hat to me; but there was another tough customer in Needles that everyone feared, a sort of fast running spider with claws in front, called a vinegaroon.

Everything was mines and railroad.

One of the big mines, near Eldorado Canyon, was the Orange Blossom, owned by Santa Fe's millionaire Division Superintendent, John Denair. Men were in town constantly from the Bonanza King, out of Fenner, and from the old Vanderbilt Diggings in the New York Mountains, and many other places up and down the river.

Life in Needles revolved either around the Harvey House and Santa Fe Depot, where the slower trains stopped long enough for the passengers to alight and eat, or around Monaghan & Murphy's big General Merchandise Store facing the Depot, directly across the Main Line Tracks.

The Harvey House and Depot was of the Gingerbread Era. It was a long, two-story wooden building painted a dark, hematite red. It had a second story porch along its entire front. Downstairs was the Ticket Office and Waiting Room, Lunch Counter, and a large, separate Dining Room. This dining room was comparable to anything in Los Angeles. It had potted palms, white Irish linen tablecloths, cut glass, and real silver services. When the trains came in a man in a white coat sounded a Chinese gong.

Behind the Depot, across the many yard tracks, were the great Round-

house and Machine Shops, said to have been the next-to-largest on the Santa Fe System, necessary because of the isolation, and the stiff, thirty-mile grade up to Goffs, which required extra engines.

Paydays were monthly, and the railroad men were issued coupon books good for meals and rooms. These coupons were highly prized by the townspeople, and accepted at the stores for merchandise. They could be used in the poker games, as well.

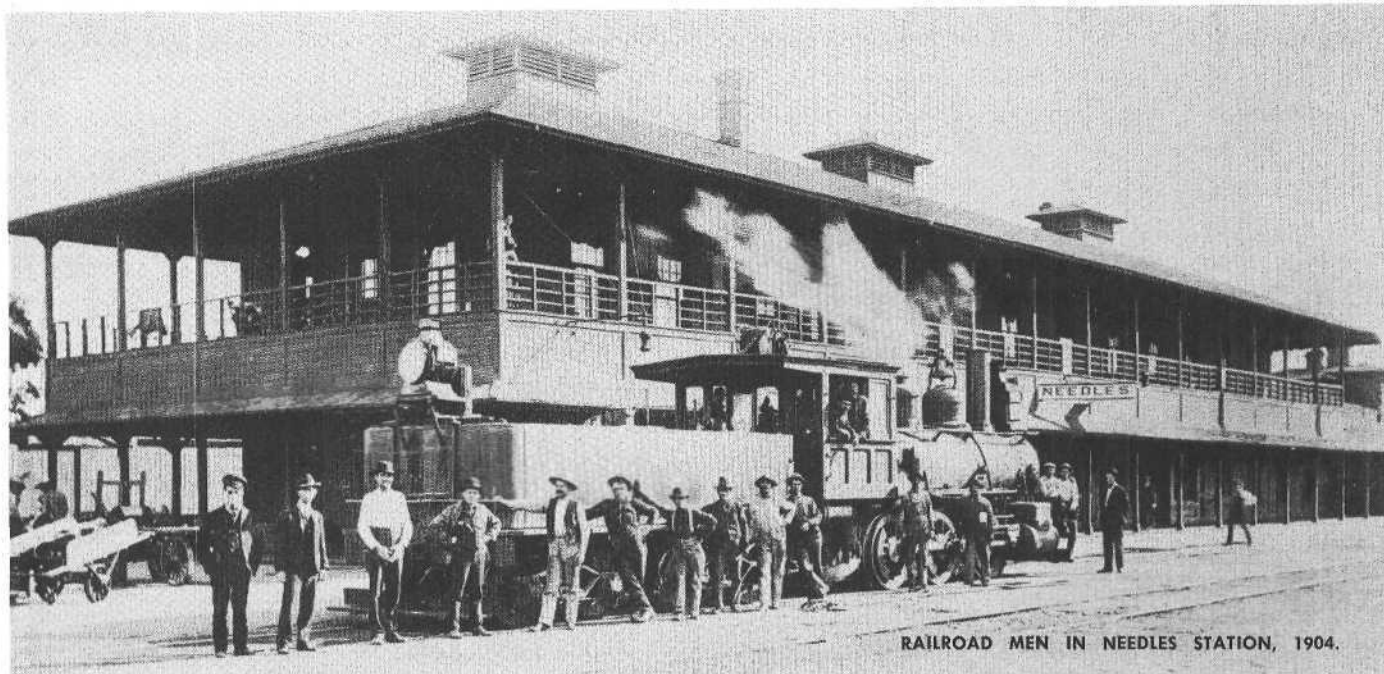
Monaghan & Murphy carried everything from groceries through saddles, dynamite, hardware, "Blue-flame" oil stoves, and clothing. Next to them, on the north was Postmaster Gilchrist's domain. I used to wonder how Mr.



NEEDLES FRONT STREET SCENE  
AT TURN OF THE CENTURY.



MOJAVE INDIAN.



RAILROAD MEN IN NEEDLES STATION, 1904.

Gilchrist could have such a black moustache with his snow-white hair. South of M. & M.'s, on the corner, was Briggs' Saloon.

There were three other saloons along Front Street. All had acetylene gas lights, billiard or poker tables, and were for men only. There were no dance halls, and no girls in the saloons. Gambling was wide open, and things really steamed up for a week or two after paydays.

We kids boasted that we could always tell, by the after-effects, where the men got their whiskey. There were, in general, three kinds of fire-water—singing, crying, and fighting. When you heard Sweet Adeline, you knew the hooch came from Cubbage's. If a drunk on the boardwalk was crying we knew he'd been in Quinn's. When there was a fight, we knew for certain the rot-gut that caused it had come from Briggs'.

Outside of that, it was a new, warm, peaceful world for me.

Men, when idle, sat around in the shade of the porch-fronted stores facing the Main Line Tracks. They rolled their own with Bull Durham, or Duke's Mixture, with brown wheatstraw papers. Some smoked Prince Albert or

Velvet tobacco in their meerschaum pipes, vying with each other to see who could be the first to color his pipe a golden brown. Dad smoked Optimo cigars, and had his shirts tailor-made in Los Angeles.

The women wore shirt waists, Leghorn hats, and long skirts which generally hid their high, buttoned shoes.

I did much of the shopping for Mother. One winter's evening, I was all dressed up for a taffy-pull. I had on a new cream-colored pongee silk shirt, with a wine-colored four-in-hand tie, patent leather shoes, and a blue serge suit. I was tall for my age, and thin, and on my head was my first derby hat.

Mother said, "Will you go before the store closes and get me a sack of Capitol flour? And a pound of Jevne's Mocha and Java coffee, two bars of Grandpa's Tar Soap, and a package of Gold Dust Washing Powder."

Despite my party finery I departed on the errand. At the store, Big Tom Murphy tore a piece of wrapping paper off the roll, put it on my shoulder, and laid the sack of flour on it. Then, with the other items under my arm, I hot footed it for home. Someone must have pulled the little string

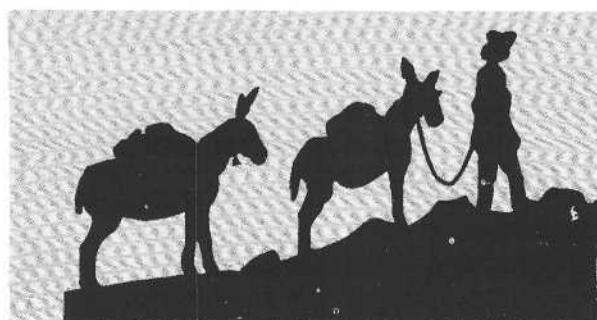
on the end of the sack, because when I arrived home I looked like I had been in the Blizzard of '88. I don't think I ever got all the flour out of that blue serge suit. Anyway, I was late for the taffy-pull.

We were always wary when swimming in the extremely cold water of the Colorado River, especially during the summer floods with their accompanying whirlpools, and buried driftwood snags. If the swift current swept you across one of the latter you were done for. We generally gave the river a wide berth during high water.

We fished the river for "hump-back salmon," catfish, carp, and "boney-tails." These latter were the most plentiful then, but I'm told now are extremely rare. There was little to them but skin and bones.

During August, when the thermometer might go up to 120 degrees, we enjoyed horrifying the passengers on incoming trains by frying eggs on the sizzling hot steel rails. We broke them behind the Observation Car where the gasping passengers would be fanning themselves in a vain effort to keep cool. One day, when the eggs quickly began turning white and frying on the

Continued on page 40



## COMING In Desert Magazine

Part III of Harrison Doyle's "A Boy's Eyeview of the Wild West"—his 1904-06 experiences in the "railroad and river" town of Needles, Calif.



# Make a Pretty ROAD MARKER

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

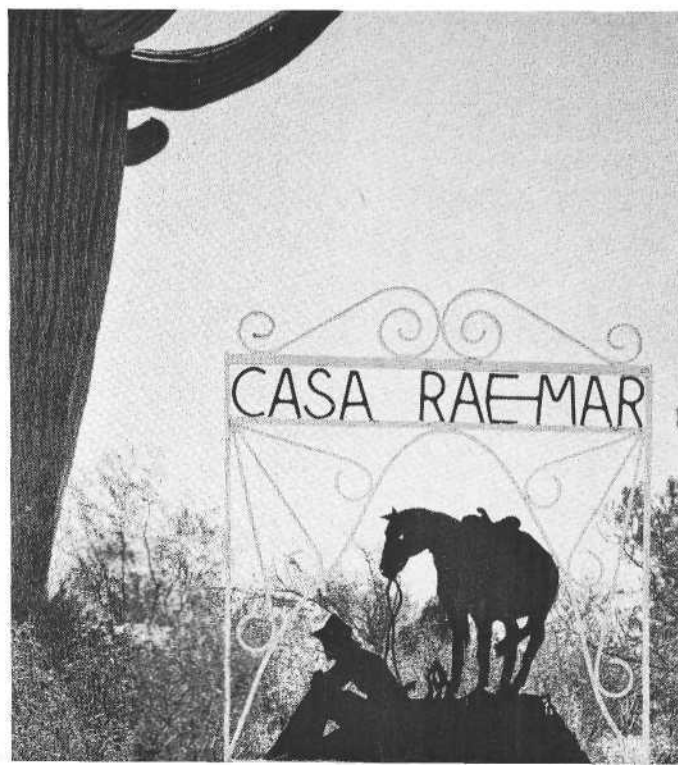
If you live on the edge of town or in the country where your friends might have difficulty locating your home, why not help them—and at the same time add interest to your approach—with a simple “marker.” Give your ingenuity free rein—cost has nothing to do with the attractiveness or effectiveness of such signs.



OLD DEAD TREE-TRUNK MAKES AN EFFECTIVE MARKER. THE SPANISH NAME (SMALL RANCH) ADDS TO “SOUTHWESTERN” EFFECT. MARKER IS MADE OF BLUE TILE.

MARKERS OF ORNAMENTAL IRON ARE WEATHER-PROOF. STURDY SUPPORT, SWINGING NAME - PANEL AND AREA-IDENTIFICATION SIGN HAVE ROUGH FINISH, BUT NAMES ARE PAINTED TO SHOW UP WELL.

FOR A HORSE-LOVING FAMILY, THIS ORNAMENTAL IRON SIGN MAKES A CHARMING HOUSE - MARKER.



# FOR THE NAVAJOS

## WATER

**NELL MURBARGER**  
writes about the great dam now under construction on the San Juan River—an earthen barrier that will impound irrigation water for the Navajo Indians

**I**N THE juniper-freckled foothills of northwestern New Mexico, engineers and workmen are changing the face of Mother Earth. Out of that change will come a better way of life for thousands of Navajos now living in this remote corner of the Desert Southwest.

Navajo Dam on the San Juan River, at a point 14 miles south of the Colorado state line, is the last of the Colorado River Storage Project's three major units to get underway. While the other two facilities—Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River in Arizona, and Flaming Gorge Dam on the Green River in Utah—are intended solely for regulation of river flow and creation of electrical power, smaller Navajo Dam's impounded water will contribute directly to man's fight for survival in the desert. Completion of this earth-fill structure in 1963 will make it possible to irrigate 110,630

acres of arid land south and west of Farmington, New Mexico.

The proposed Navajo Indian Irrigation Project is being built for the exclusive use of the Navajo tribesmen. Farm units of approximately 100 acres each will be assigned to individual Navajos, these settlers to be selected by the Navajo Tribal Council. Already in operation is a 1200-acre "training" farm at Shiprock where future settlers are learning irrigation techniques.

At present, the land proposed for irrigation by Navajo Dam annually supports 5116 sheep-units. This same land—when the water comes—will be able to support 436,000 sheep-units, more than the entire Navajo Reservation is now able to handle.

According to the Bureau of Land Management, this project will provide an economic living "equivalent to the non-Indian" standard for 18,000 Navajo people. Estimated cost of making this possible is \$134,360,000.

Scarcely less important is the establishment of at least three new recreation areas with facilities for camping, fishing, sailing and other water sports. Administered by the National Park Service, nucleus of these new playgrounds will be a magnificent blue lake, set down among quiet hills, with myriads of secluded coves and a shoreline approximately twice as long as that of Lake Tahoe or Salton Sea.

With inception of work at Glen Canyon and Flaming Gorge dams I had visited those operations and presented their stories in *Desert Maga-*

*zine* (Glen: April '57; Flaming Gorge: Jan. '58). By mid-summer of this year, work at Navajo Dam had progressed to a point where there was "something to see" at the damsite, so I gathered up my camping gear, typewriter and camera, and made off for the Four Corners country.

I met Engineer J. D. "Jim" Seery at the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's Farmington headquarters, and he accompanied me to the damsite. We followed paved State Highway 17 through the prosperous farm-checked valley of the San Juan River. As we drove through fields of alfalfa and young corn standing green and luxuriant and orchard boughs laden with swelling fruit, Jim briefed me on the dam.

The prime contract for Navajo, covering construction of the embankment, spillway, outlet and appurtenant works, was awarded in June of last year to a joint venture construction team on a bid of \$22,822,624. Due partly to good weather, which enabled work throughout that first winter, the contractors are well ahead of schedule. This summer the dam was 26 percent completed in only 18 percent of the allotted time.

The lake to be formed will have a storage potential of nearly 2,000,000 acre-feet, or an amount equal to the San Juan's average annual run-off. At capacity level the water will spread over 17,800 acres, forming a long many-fingered reservoir, nowhere more than a mile or two in width, but extending up the main river a distance of 34 miles; up the Los Pinos tributary approximately a dozen miles; and up the Piedra tributary four miles. Some 20 miles of the lake's shoreline will lie in Colorado, the remainder in New Mexico.

From the dam outlet, water will be conveyed about 30 miles by means of tunnels, siphons and canals to an initial diversion point on Indian lands to the south. In this distance the water will have an overall drop of only 200-300 feet — the elevation of the stream bed at the toe of the dam being 5720 feet, while the lands to be irrigated range between 5400 and 5500 feet above sea level.

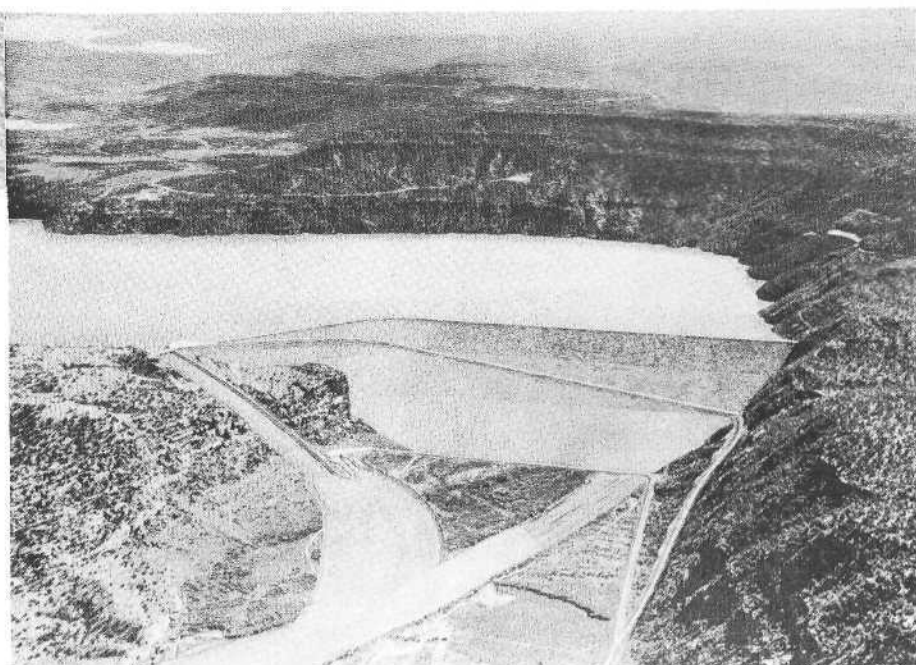
After passing through the old town of Bloomfield—now prospering mightily beneath the combined impetus of natural gas wells, cattle ranching, farming, fruit growing, dam building, tour-

A NAVAJO LEARNS IRRIGATION FARMING TECHNIQUES AT THE TRIBAL TRAINING FARM AT SHIPROCK. WHEN THE DAM IS COMPLETED IN 1963, HUNDREDS OF NAVAJOS WILL BE QUALIFIED TO FARM THE LAND.





ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF NAVAJO DAM AND PART OF THE LAKE. COMPLETED DAM WILL REQUIRE 26,200,000 YARDS OF FILL.



ism and sundry other activities—we continued past the quieter villages of Blanco and Archuleta, and then turned off onto State Route 511—13 miles of paved road leading to the damsite.

In a matter of minutes we went from the pleasant farmsteads of San Juan to the outskirts of a busy construction camp, where dozens of trailer houses stood in long orderly rows, cars and trucks were coming and going, and every man visible was wearing one of the "hard hats" so symbolic of heavy construction and engineering progress.

Nearly 600 men are working on the dam at present. Some live with their families in the trailer park provided by the contractors, but a considerable number drive to work every day from their homes in Bloomfield (22 miles) and Farmington (39 miles). Government employees residing at the damsite live in "temporary" three-bedroom dwellings. The construction camp school kids ride the bus to schools in Bloomfield.

As Jim and I approached the massive "workings," we saw earth-moving Euclids thundering up and over the embankment with full loads, and clanging away empty. Mighty roller drums, like fantastic war machines from Outer Space, moved heavily over the fill, tamping the loose material into place. Near the mouth of the outlet tunnel a crane, creaking laboriously, swung a ponderous piece of equipment into place. A whistle shrilled a warning from the vicinity of the spillway-to-be; a blast boomed through the desert hills; a plume of dust spurted from the canyonside — and still the powerful earth-movers roared up to the embankment, disgorged their loads and dashed away — like so many giant beetles working by instinct.

A mile upcanyon, at the place where the ravenous earth-movers take on their cargoes, more heavy machinery was roaring and clanging and putting forth. Standing in the cobblestones near the stream bed, a huge dragline was biting out rock and gravel and earth, 17 cubic yards of it—25 tons—with each mouthful! Dumped into a bunker, this material is gravity-fed into the 30-yard Euclids at the rate of one ton per second! The moment a truck is filled, it thunders away toward the growing dam embankment

—high-balling down the road at 35 miles an hour with never-disputed right-of-way over everything capable of movement in the canyon. The 30 giant Euclids on this job work two nine-hour shifts daily, the remaining six hours being given over to maintenance and servicing.

Jim explained that the daily target is the loading, hauling, dumping and tamping of 50,000 cubic yards of fill. The completed dam will require 26,200,000 yards. It will rise 388 feet above the stream bed and have a length of 3800 feet at its crest. Navajo's upstream face will be given a veneering of protective rip-rap to combat wave-erosion. For this purpose 150,000 cubic yards of basalt will be trucked from a quarry near Dulce, New Mexico, in the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation. The individual boulders will average one cubic yard in size.

Jim and I drove to a public lookout point in the pinyons high above the dam-building activity. Here "side-walk superintendents" can observe the interesting spectacle of the dam's construction without entering the closed danger area. From this point the roar of machinery — pleasantly muted by distance and the upcanyon breeze — seemed scarcely louder than the drowsy hum of insects at work on a summer day.

Off to the northeast, across 65 miles of farmlands, foothills and pine-forested heights, the long jagged line of the San Juan Range stuck its snow-capped peaks into the brilliant blue sky. These heights appeared wonderfully cool and inviting from our vantage point on the desert's edge. Rising to elevations of more than 13,000 feet,

the range forms the Continental Divide for many miles, and high on its west shoulder near Wolf Creek pass is born the San Juan River.

After flowing past the town of Pagosa Springs and through the Southern Ute Indian Reservation, the San Juan is joined at Arboles by one of its largest tributaries, the Piedra River, and soon afterward crosses into New Mexico. Seventy-five river miles from its point of beginning, the San Juan reaches the site of Navajo Dam. Downstream from this point it flows through the towns of Blanco, Bloomfield, Farmington and Shiprock. Then it bends back toward the north, briefly re-enters Colorado, passes close to the famous Four Corners Monument, and goes on into Utah and its eventual merger with the mighty Colorado River.

Fed by the clear mountain streams of Colorado and northern New Mexico, the river above the Navajo damsite carries but little sediment and is reasonably clear. But, soon after entering Utah the San Juan begins collecting the Beehive State's famous red sand, and it becomes the murky tide familiar to river-runners and to motorists on Utah State Route 47 who view these waters from the bridge at Mexican Hat, or make the six-mile side trip to the famous "Goosenecks of the San Juan."

Most of the land that will be inundated by the rising waters of Navajo Dam's lake-to-come is government-owned, primarily used for grazing livestock, and not open to settlement. At several points in the valley there are private holdings, however, and the lake near its northern extremity will flood the small farm-supported towns







LET TUNNEL (CENTER); AND GRAVEL PLANT (RIGHT). TOWER ON SKYLINE MARKS DAM CREST.

of Rosa, New Mexico, and Arboles, Colorado.

In the matter of acquiring private holdings, one of the knottiest problems the Bureau of Reclamation's Farmington office will be called upon to untangle stems from the circumstance that several old cemeteries, both public and private, will be covered by the lake. As a consequence, local overseers of the Navajo Dam project will be charged with moving more than 500 burials to higher ground.

Arboles and Rosa are pleasantly situated country villages, each with its own church, schoolhouse, swim-

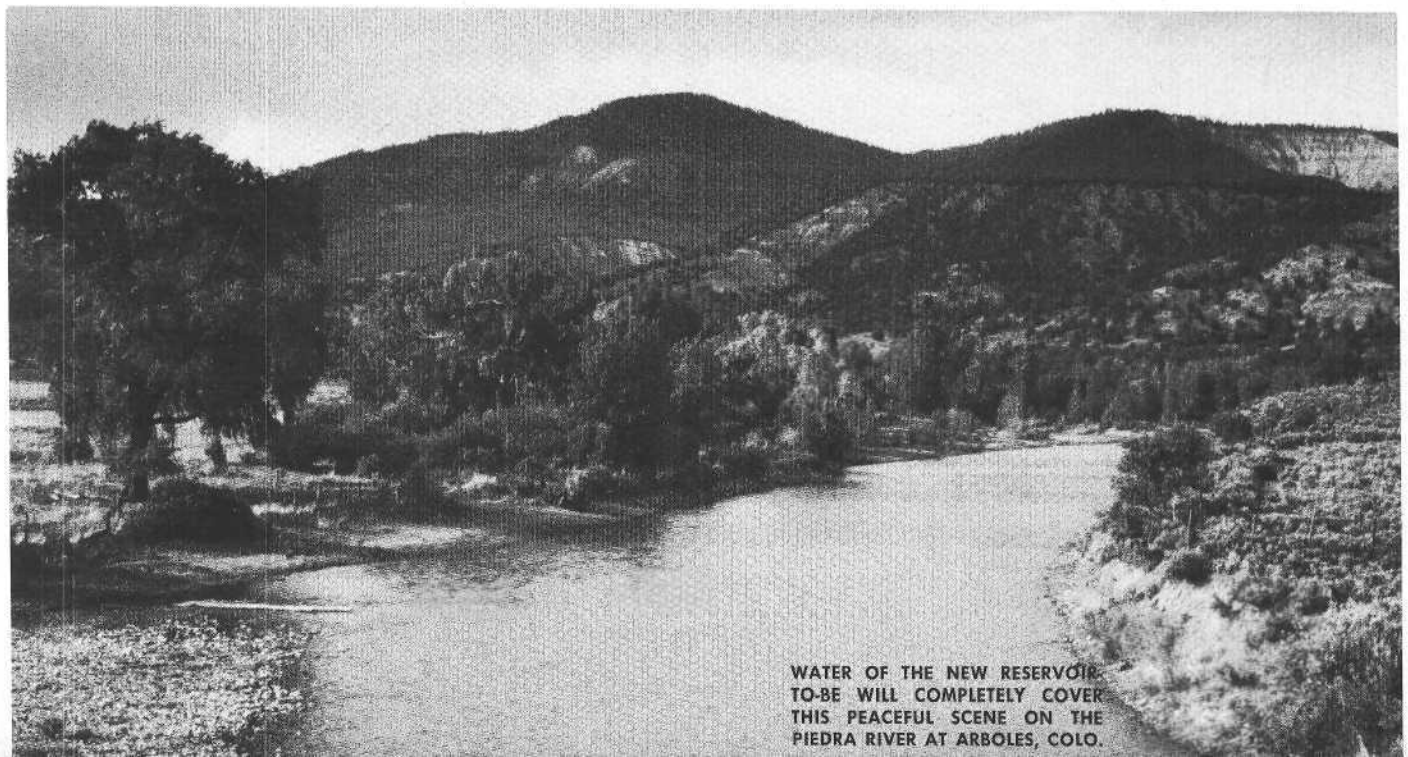
ming hole, post office and general store where ranchers of the surrounding area come to purchase supplies, chat with seldom-seen neighbors, and discuss current affairs.

For the people of these two towns, and other folks who must abandon their home and holdings to the rising waters, I feel deepest sympathy. At the same time, I can only believe that the ultimate good to be gained, in both agricultural and recreational benefits, must far outbalance all losses sustained.

"The San Juan," wrote Frank Waters in his book, *The Colorado*, "is

not only the Colorado's largest tributary, but the largest river in New Mexico. Its annual discharge of 2,500,000 acre feet is almost twice that of the noted Rio Grande. Yet, it remains one of the least-known rivers in America. Named after St. John the Baptist, it too cries alone in the wilderness . . ."

After seeing the work in progress, and learning of the elaborate programs planned by both the Indian and National Park Services, I suspect that with the completion of Navajo Dam, some three years hence, the San Juan's day of crying "alone in the wilderness" will be over.—END



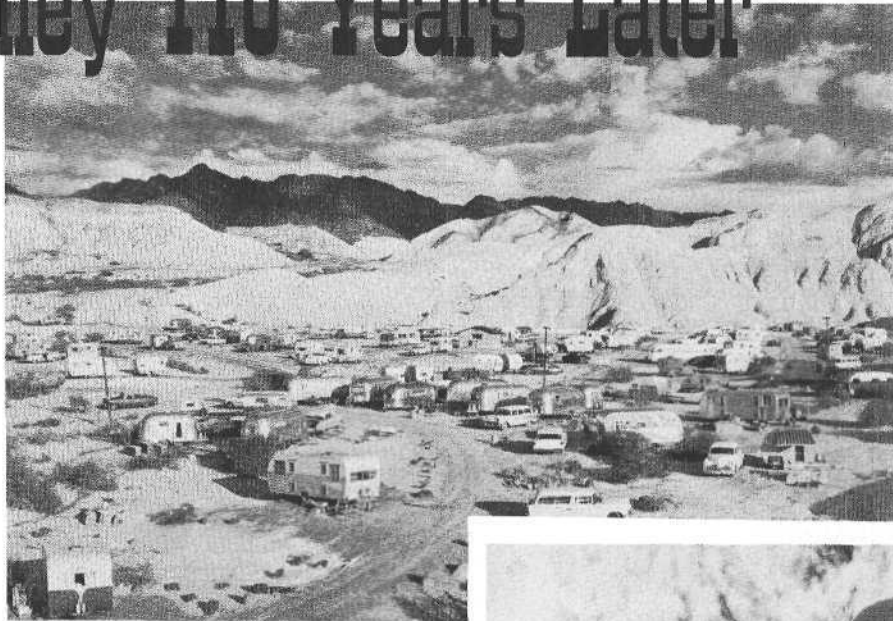
WATER OF THE NEW RESERVOIR TO-BE WILL COMPLETELY COVER THIS PEACEFUL SCENE ON THE PIEDRA RIVER AT ARBOLES, COLO.

'49ERS IN '59 - -

# Death Valley 110 Years Later

Modern-day "pioneers" — thousands of them—will revisit the scenes of an earlier day's heartbreak and tragedy when the Death Valley '49ers again assemble for their encampment in the "Great Alkali Trough Called Death." The general public is invited to this 10th annual Death Valley affair, November 5-8.

Special exhibits — firearms, minerals, Indian artifacts, and desert art — will be presented at Furnace Creek Ranch. The Authors' Breakfast takes place Friday, Nov. 6; Photographers' Breakfast the next morning; and Artists' Breakfast on Sunday. The popular Burro Flapjack Sweepstakes is scheduled for 2:30 p.m., Saturday the 7th at Stove Pipe Wells. Conducted tours of the Valley will be made daily the last three days of the Encampment.



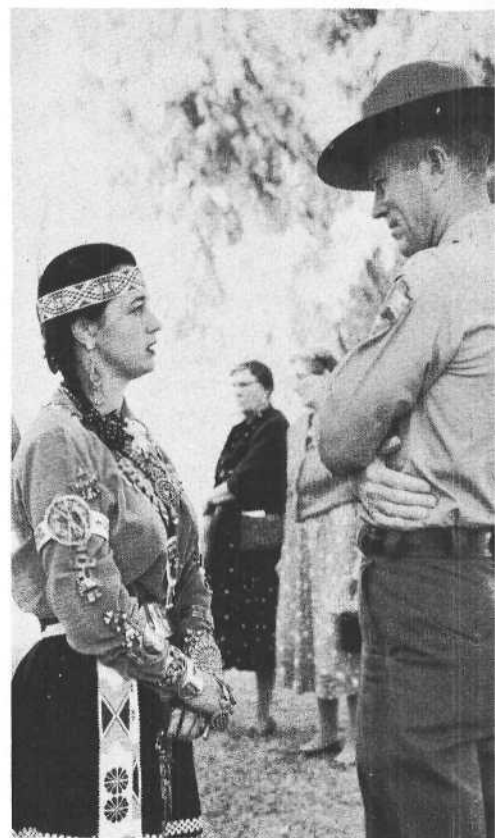
TEXAS SPRINGS CAMPGROUND, WHERE MANY OF THE 650 HOUSE TRAILERS AT LAST YEAR'S AFFAIR WERE PARKED.



THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—BOYS TRY TO CATCH FISH SWIMMING IN FURNACE CREEK RANCH STREAM.



"HARDROCK" HALE IS HAPPY—HE JUST WON THE '58 FLAPJACK SWEEPSTAKES.

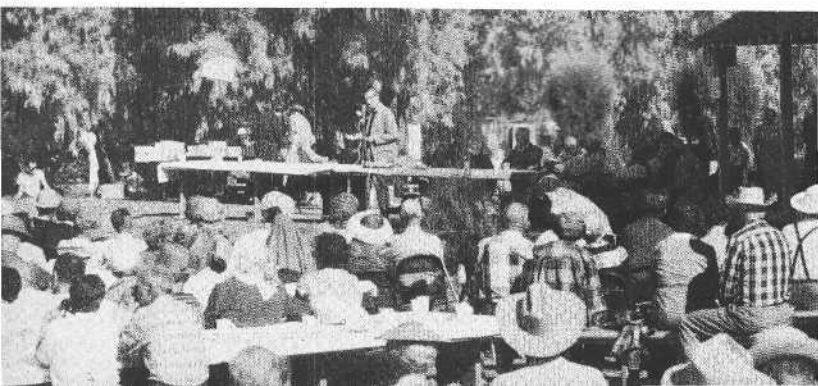


PRINCESS WHITE FEATHER OF LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA, CHATS WITH D.V. SUPERINTENDENT FRED W. BINNEWIES.

Scenes from last year's encampment by V. Lee Oertle

Golden California! Elements of a great immigrant train assembled near Salt Lake City for a push across the Sierras to the promised land beyond. But, it was already too late in the season; the winter snows of 1849 would block the mountain passes. The pioneers decided to turn south, follow the Old Spanish Trail to Los Angeles.

Half-way down the desert flank of the mountain barrier—at a point opposite Death Valley—a "short-cut" map fell into their hands, and some of the party turned west. The price for this ill-advised move was death for some, extreme hardship for those who survived. It is to commemorate this adventure that the annual Death Valley Encampments are staged.



SPEAKER AT AUTHORS' BREAKFAST DISCUSSES DEATH VALLEY'S EARLY DAYS.



# TATZUMBIE WAS BORN IN THE TRAGIC YEAR

*A 110-year-old Paiute lady remembers the old days and the old ways.*

By DOROTHY ROBERTSON

**S**HE SAT in the patio at Furnace Creek Ranch in Death Valley, soaking up the November sunshine. A soft cinnamon-brown doe-skin dress, decorated with shells, beads, turquoise and silver, adorned her wrinkled copper-colored body. The love of life burned fiercely in one bright black eye — the other had dimmed and was blind.

Tatzumbie Dupea was 109 years old! Undeniably, she brought atmosphere to Furnace Creek and the Death Valley '49ers' Encampment then in progress. Many visitors stopped by her chair to talk with her, myself included. But how authentic was this old lady? I decided on a test. I asked Tatzumbie if she had known a certain man who 70 years before had lived at historic Haiwai Meadows (now Haiwee Dam) in Owen's Valley near where I live.

She not only recalled his name, she added facts that could not have been known to more than two other still-living people. Then Tatzumbie startled me by quickly clasping my hands in hers. My question had forged a link of almost forgotten memory between us: we had found a common meeting-ground.

Born in 1849 in *Wa-ko-poo-witu* ("The Pine Tree Alone Place"—today's Lone Pine, Calif.), Tatzumbie was brought up by a wise grandmother.

"Grandmother raised me to be a good obedient Indian girl," recalled Tatzumbie. "She was a *poo-o-ah-gah*—a 'doctor' skilled in herb healing, and very knowing in the ways of Nature.

"She was clever. When the whites began coming into Beautiful Valley, my grandmother had a vision induced by a brew made from the night-flowering *ton-ga-ne-ba*—Jimson weed, you call it.



"Grandmother warned that the time had come to leave our homeland. She took me with her to Pyramid Lake in Nevada where the Paiutes' Tribal Father was the great Chief Winnemucca. Grandmother told all our people that soon bad trouble would come because of the whites, and she advised our tribesmen to gather at Pyramid Lake. We lived there until I was 15 years old.

"The whites were causing bad trouble. Thousands and thousands of them were walking the trails to the West, and as with all peoples, among them were those who were evil.

"The homesteaders poured into our beautiful valley and they took our best lands, the streams and the beautiful river. They chased us away from our seed-grounds, and from our tribal fishing grounds. Their cattle fed upon our grasses so that we had no seeds

to grind for food. Game fell to the white man's gun, and there was none left for the Indian's arrows, and he starved. But worse, he had to watch his women and children starve!"

A great sadness stole across the stoic brown features of this ancient lady. "War is a dreadful thing. But when you have lived for over a century, child, you will realize that you alone cannot change the world. Be thankful, instead, that there is still much good in humankind, for the good will surely overlap the bad."

Abruptly she brought our talk to an end. "Now, dear child, I am very tired. At 109 one tires too easily. My life is almost done, yet I am not sad. I am glad that as each day passes, I find myself still here. The older you get, the more you realize how precious is this loan of life."—END



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## READER RESPONSE

### Bad Luck for McClure . . .

Desert:

I have just returned from a visit with Charles McClure of Rattlesnake Canyon near Yucca Valley, Calif., the oldtimer whom *Desert* featured in an article in the September '58 issue.



CHARLES MCCLURE

Unfortunately, the McClures had a fire at their cabin that burned them out completely. Among the things they lost was a guest register containing the names and

addresses of over a thousand people who visited their place in Rattlesnake Canyon. McClure valued that register very much, and he would like all the people who signed it to drop him a card so he can start a new address book. Mail will reach him that is addressed c/o Postmaster, Yucca Valley, Calif.

DARRELL V. COLE  
Johannesburg, Calif.

### Who Was First? . . .

Desert:

Beverly Walter states in her September-issue article that Lane Endicott "became the first woman to wear the Forest Ranger's

uniform." What about Sandy Delap, fire lookout on South Hawkins Peak in Southern California? She has been on the job for eight seasons—twice as long as has Miss Endicott.

EDDIE RANKIN  
Glendora, Calif.

Beverly Walter, author of *Desert's* story on Lane Endicott, makes this statement: "I wish to correct an error on my part—it is not the Forest "Ranger" uniform but the Forest "Service" uniform that Lane Endicott has the distinction of wearing. And she was the first woman to wear an accepted type of Forest Service uniform—in Tahoe National Forest."  
—Ed.

### Tom Schofield's Hoax . . .

Desert:

. . . was amused to read of the lost Dutch Oven Mine in the August issue letters. I met Tom Schofield, originator of that hoax, in 1898 during a salt mining excitement in the Danby, Calif., area. At that time I was prospecting and had a team of mules and a wagon. Schofield offered me a \$20 gold piece if I would drive him out to the Danby salt bed. He was going to locate 160 acres, and there was 160 adjoining his piece for me. I accepted, and we got started about dark in a cold drizzly rain. It was cold and he had a bottle of whiskey. We kept nipping at it until we fell asleep. The team continued on down the road, and when we woke up it was bright daylight and we could see the sun reflecting off of a house constructed out of salt blocks.

We located Tom's claim with the mule team and wagon, but when it came time to

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with . . .



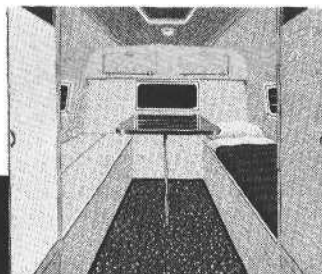
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stake my 160 acres, a mule stepped in a hole and came near breaking his leg. We finished the job afoot.

I read recently that Tom died at 102 years of age. The moral is: if you want to live 102 years, go to Danby, Essex or Fenner on the Mojave Desert.

I hope no one will ever look for the Dutch Oven Mine again. I'm sure it originated in Tom's mind.

H. H. HOUSTON  
Santa Cruz, Calif.

#### On "Boss" Pinkley . . . Desert:

I have read with interest and no little nostalgia Don Jewell's "Boss" Pinkley article in the September issue. It gives a concise but accurate picture of Pinkley, and a favorable commentary on the Southwestern National Monuments and the part that organization played in tourist travel development in the Southwest.

The article is gratifyingly free of errors, the only one which probably will be no-

ticed to any extent is the position of Tuzigoot National Monument, in the listing of Monuments on page 13, as not being under Pinkley's supervision at the time of his death. Tuzigoot was long a unit of the Southwestern National Monuments organization following the monument's establishment in July, 1939. Pinkley died in February, 1940.

HUGH M. MILLER, regional director  
National Park Service  
Santa Fe

## Gem-Mineral Field Trip--

# BRADSHAW BONANZA!

--BY JAY ELLIS RANSOM

**W**ESTCENTRAL Arizona was a wonderland of wildflowers when I turned off U.S. Highway 89 at Morristown, 11 miles south of the famous old mining camp of Wickenburg (now mining tourist gold!). Running almost straight northeastward, a well-graded dirt road leads toward the serrated brown battlements of the Bradshaw Mountains.

I had no idea of what lay ahead, except that the map showed a road looping through rugged mountains, past Carl Pleasant Lake, and back again to the main highway two dozen miles or so below Morristown.

What I discovered was an extensive pegmatite area abounding in black tourmaline, mica plates and books, calcite crystals, and other quartz family oddments — a rock collector's dream.

The sun shone brilliantly from the bluest of skies, and with windows wide open I drank in the ever-mysterious odors of burgeoning vegetation. On every hand along the road stood giant ocotillo, their strange branching arms tipped with flame, perhaps the most salient feature in a generally desolate and barren land. Nearer the mountains vegetation grew heavier. Intermingling with the saguaros were a thickening blanket of cholla cactus glowing with captured sunlight. The waist-high chollas were lovely — but treacherous — in their chartreuse spring coating.

After 24 miles, the road branched. The right-hand fork, the better graded and most used, leads down a deep canyon to Castle Hot Springs (*Desert*, Oct. '53) and on to Lake Pleasant.

The left-hand road winds upward to the Champie Ranch, five miles distant. Out of sheer curiosity I turned left. After two miles on the Champie

road, I came to a very steep rugged mine road forking to the right. A faint hand-lettered sign proclaimed this to be the way to the Black Buck Manganese Mine. I decided to try it.

Scattered over the Southwest are many small mining operations. Some represent prospects that pay off for a few years, then when the price of metal drops, the developers move on. Such a mine is the Black Buck which, at the time of my visit, was being worked by Dennis and Charles Newlin, father and son.

Today, the Newlins are gone. When they opened this six-inch vein of man-

armor plate for ships—had a reduced place.

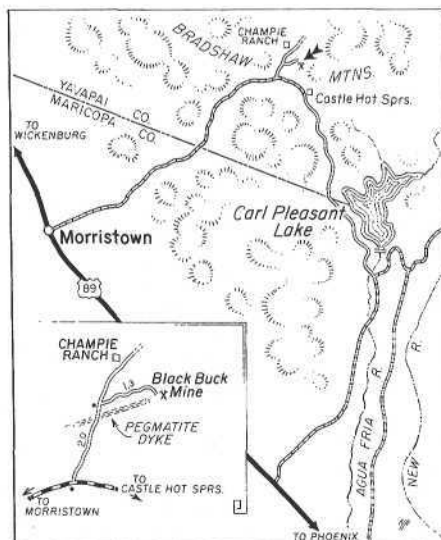
The Newlins registered a total of 27 claims surrounding the Black Buck discovery mine. Practically all of these claims have gone back to the public domain so that rock collectors have free, if not the easiest, access to the pegmatite outcrops in this district. Dennis and Charles, down 80 feet along their principal manganese vein, had no interest in pegmatite formations nor in the wide variety of fascinating gemstones which are so often concentrated in this type of material.

The day was uncomfortably warm as the high noontide sun beat down into the steep-walled canyons and shimmered in heat haze across cactus-studded flats. I was most thankful for the cool water-bag slung from my car door-handle, and recommend that anyone penetrating the Bradshaws carry an adequate supply of drinking water.

The very ruggedness of these mountains would incline even the most doubting of pick-and-pan prospectors to the optimistic faith that these faults, fissures and outcrops are "loaded" with valuable minerals. The eyes of even the most pernickety rockhound can't help but gleam with anticipation when first viewing this "natural" collecting area.

The Black Buck Mine dump is rich with manganese and calcite specimens, in a variety of interesting combinations. Also, there is a little calcium tungstate or scheelite — wonderful orange fluorescent cabinet varieties.

A profusion of yellow - to - amber calcite crystals, some almost of the "dogtooth" type, in the dump attracted my attention. These specimens also show considerable fluorescence and, occurring within nodules of manganese ore, make attractive cabinet specimens. In other samples the calcite occurs

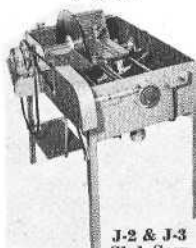


gane ore, the Government was eagerly buying the concentrate, and stockpiling it near Wenden. Then with world tensions lessening and our military effort concentrating more and more on lightweight metals for ballistic and guided missiles, space probes, and interplanetary satellites, manganese—mostly used in the hardening of

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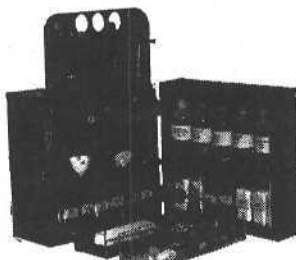
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massively as intrusions or stringers of  
yellowish mineral laminated by the  
black manganese.

Pre-Cambrian granites and diorites  
more than 500 million years old were  
intruded extensively into Algonkian  
schists along the Bradshaw uplift, and  
in the last phases of the granite solidi-  
fication, the coarse-grained pegmatites  
cleaned out the basal granites and con-  
centrated their wealth of crystal min-  
erals in a manner relatively easy for  
a hard-working rockhound to dig out.

The more obvious geological fea-  
tures, at least in this part of the Brad-  
shaws and extending down as far as  
Castle Hot Springs, are the sheer choc-  
olate-brown cliffs of Tertiary flows of  
basalt and andesite, 200 to 500 feet  
thick, which overlie the pre-Cambrian  
metamorphic rocks. In turn, the Ter-  
tiary flows are capped by a mantle of  
volcanic agglomerate and Quaternary  
gravels. No wonder, with a half-bil-  
lion years of geologic evolution dis-  
played by this faulted and fractured  
range, that there should be a consid-  
erable variety and dissemination of  
gemstone materials.

"When we built our road around  
the south side of this hill to reach our  
other claims," Charles Newlin had  
pointed out to me, "we blasted through  
a five-foot pegmatite dike loaded with  
schorl, muscovite mica, some lepidol-  
ite, and a variety of varicolored ura-  
nium-bearing minerals. At least we  
think they're uranium."

From the mine-site to the black  
tourmaline pegmatite dike the road is  
steep and rocky, and scarcely wider  
than the car. From the ridge tops I  
had a truly inspiring view of the  
sprawling mountains around me, ris-  
ing like gigantic castle walls protected  
by marching armies of saguaro cactus  
on south-facing slopes. Everywhere  
palo verde glowed a springtime green,  
showing that under the rocky soil  
where long stout roots could reach it,  
hidden sources of water belied the  
fierce heat that descends from summer  
skies. Creosote bushes graced the drier  
slopes and flats, and red-tinged barrel  
cacti, from six inches to six feet tall,  
stood spiny and forbidding among the  
rocks.

Two seedy-looking coyotes crossed  
the road ahead of me, and a bushy-  
tailed fox stopped at the road's edge,  
his coat dusty gray and bedraggled,  
but his sharp-pointed ears standing  
straight as he stared at me. In the  
depths of the main canyon farther on,  
I recognized the many tracks of deer  
along water seepages.

Countless secret springs and water-  
holes, rain sinks and catch basins—  
and the game they support — made  
this remote and ruggedly beautiful  
mountain range the last and most im-

## INDIFFERENCE TO TIME

By Helena Ridgway Stone  
Arcadia, California

Against an old adobe wall of  
gray,  
He props himself, and sleeps  
the noon away.  
Oblivious to time and chang-  
ing world—  
This Indian lad whose dreams,  
were they unfurled,  
Would crowd the sky with col-  
ors ever bright,  
Blotting the noonday sun quite  
out of sight.

He sees himself in ancient tribal  
dances,  
Tomahawk in hand; he bends  
and prances,  
Cavorts around the fire where  
smoke wreaths rise  
In praise of his ancestors in the  
skies . . .  
Chanting in ritual of another  
day,  
He ends his dance in some  
fantastic way!

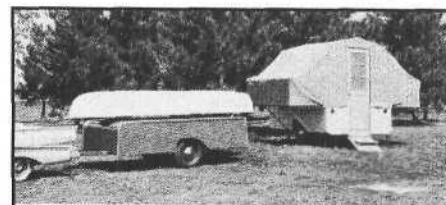
In shrill cacophony a train jars  
past—  
Startled, he awakens . . . no  
dream can last.

For poem of the month contest rules  
see page 37

penetrable hideout for Apache war  
parties in the final years of their  
depredations against Mexicans and  
Americans. Many petroglyphs are still  
to be found on boulders and cliffs  
surrounding their springs.

A thick pegmatite dike rises steeply  
to parallel the mine road a mile above  
the turnoff. Examining this geologic  
remnant, I was amazed by the scintil-  
lation of millions of muscovite crys-  
tals, each gleaming like a bright star-  
let in the comparatively dark matrix.  
Throughout the dike are six-sided  
mica plates and books, an inch across  
their faces and from half to one inch  
thick.

Mixed with the gravel beside the



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road and extending far along the dike are fragments and crystals of black tourmaline. Some are an inch in diameter and from one to six inches long, but the majority within easy reach have been fragmented. Almost as black as ebony to the casual eye, these iron-rich tourmalines are translucent in thin fragments and indicate that true gem tourmalines (red, pink, blue, green or two-toned) may also be present.

I was impressed by the number of fist - to - head - size boulders glistening with muscovite mica, not a few impregnated by small schorl crystals. If one wanted these for rock garden decoration, there seemed to be plenty available.

Scouting this general area, investigating tributary gulches to the main canyon through which the road winds, I found small fragments of quartz crystals, with numbers of calcite crystals and botryoidal nuggets of high-grade manganese ore. These, when broken open, show a characteristic lead-gray coloration. Some iron oxide often is present where manganese is found, and there are numerous heavy nodules of deep red hematite in the dry stream beds. This prime source for ancient Indian red pigment is rather startling in the blazing sunlight for its richness of color.

Also in the gullies that crisscross the road at intervals are gray, blue and white fortification agate, as well as a variety of red, yellow and variegated jaspers and jasp-agates. Chunks the size of my two fists are common. When broken open, many have drusy quartz-lined geode interiors. Dumortierite and chalcedony roses occur as float, while in the main creek bed, wet with a small stream of water, I found copper-bearing rocks in various hues of green and blue.

According to the Newlins, many Bradshaw pegmatites contain gold and silver in small amounts. Many are the tales told from Wickenburg to Phoenix of lost Apache gold, and no doubt there are still undiscovered ledges where crude mining evidences will someday be found, pointing the finger of truth toward the originators of these legends.

Farther up the road, near the Champie Ranch but carefully guarded by those "in the know," are outcrops of a special banded rhyolite—a genuine "picture stone." Boulders and nodules of this brown, red, yellow and black-streaked volcanic material are prized by the collector. These stones have one very strange attraction, a peculiarity not shared by all, naturally. When cracked open, many

of these rhyolite oddities have the appearance of concretions—the centers of which are glistening amber opal!

Someday, when early spring lays its warm blue skies over western Arizona and the spiny stems of the ocotillo are aflame with crimson flowers, matched only by the swift red cardinals darting about the Bradshaws, I want to revisit the pegmatite dikes in the Black Buck area. I would like to find more Apache crystals, gleaming like diamonds in the slanting rays of the morning sun.

Also—and this is as thrilling as finding rough gemstones in a rugged setting—I want to enjoy the upward

and outward vistas of the magnificent mountains, and the hundreds of wild bird species that spend their winters among the rocks or in the protecting arms of palo verde and ironwood trees. If there is a sight more rewarding than seeing a flock of Gambel quail scurrying over boulders, a wild turkey scratching in the shade of a spring-fed alder, or a covey of doves slanting over a stretch of seemingly lifeless desert, I have yet to see it.

All of these things speak of a joy of living and an appreciation of beauty far removed from the insensate pavements.—END

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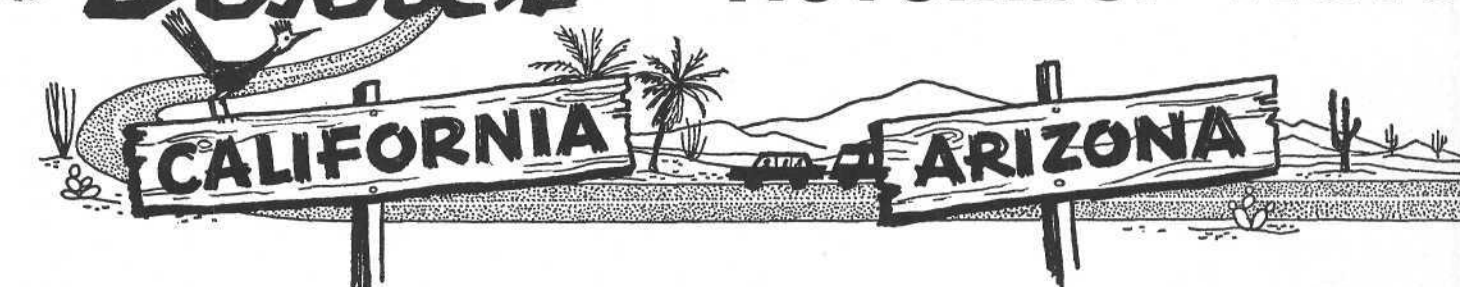
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P.O. Drawer 758, Twentynine Palms, Calif.

By THOMAS B. LESURE

6120 N. 18th St., Phoenix

**I**MPERIAL COUNTY in its role of American Sahara has had millions of spectators. Locales used to photograph "African" films are adjacent to Highway 80 near the southern end of the 40-mile sand range known as Algodones Dunes.

Until last year this highway was the motorist's only passage through this sandy barrier. But in October, 1958, a second triumph over the sand—20 miles to the north—was dedicated. This spectacular route skims the top of the highest dunes. It opens an unusual playground and provides an exhilarating 360-degree view of barren ranges surrounding the Colorado Desert.

"Anyone would be crazy to build a road there," the critics said. But, there's an unusual reason why the road had to be built. In 1946 the Navy closed the more northerly Niland-Blythe road through one of its gunnery ranges. This route not only connected the Imperial and Palo Verde valley farm centers, it was a projected link in the international highway from Canada to Mexico. When the Navy closed this road, it promised to provide an alternate—which came a dozen years later. In '57 the U.S. put up \$660,000 for construction of the highway—Imperial County added \$180,000.

Bulldozers piloted by county men groaned night and day, scooping and filling, moving more than a million yards of sand. Crews made fills up to 85-feet-high to keep the road on top and thus lessen future maintenance against blowing sand.

Water to spray the roadbed was boosted as far as 14 miles from the Coachella branch of the All-American Canal. Toppers then spread paving compounds 24 feet wide. Embankments were sprayed with liquid asphalt to control sand at the edge. Posted turnouts were provided and a parking area built at the beautiful Dune Crest Drive. Beyond the dunes the road crosses the Southern Pacific railroad at Glamis. The paving extends 12 miles beyond to the graded Blythe-Ogilby road.

Besides providing a mecca for desert "beach" recreation, the new road is a short-cut to river resorts. Blythe is now only 90 miles from Brawley.

Glamis, last supply point before reaching Palo Verde or Winterhaven, has a dozen or so residents, but it serves miners and prospectors for miles around and now is destined to be host to thousands who only recently have heard of it.

The road, approaching a low section of the Chocolates, cuts part of the famed old Mesquite Diggings gold placers, where there is renewed activity. Somewhere north of the road a rich silver

Continued on page 32

**N**OVEMBER IS Fair month in Phoenix, but this year there'll be an added flair to the burgeoning Arizona capital which by the middle of 1960 is expected to have a metropolitan population in excess of 660,000, some 30,000 more residents than four months ago.

The big State Fair—covering just about every aspect of Arizona's economy, recreation and lore—gets underway October 31 and continues through November 11. This year's theme is "Arizona Plus Water=Progress." That, of course, tells only a part of the Arizona story—and the usual agricultural exhibits, horse racing, big car auto contest, midway and other attractions fill in the rest of the tale and provide lots of family fun.

The Fair is a fine excuse (if any is needed) for visiting Phoenix, the state's best focal point for exciting excursions. But if you haven't been to Phoenix during the last six months, prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise. The ever-changing city has a new look—occasioned by more than \$20,000,000 worth of hotel and motel construction that augments the previous excellent array of plush vacation emporiums.

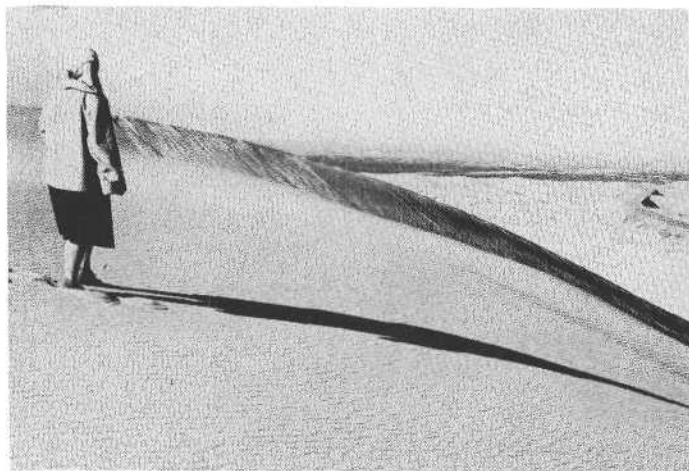
Among the new establishments expected to be ready for the winter season are the 10-story Hotel Oasis, the \$4,000,000 Thunderbird Hotel in the downtown area, the \$3,000,000 Continental, a \$2,500,000 Ramada Inn in nearby Scottsdale, and—for desert lovers—the \$1,800,000 Hotel Superstition Ho near the foot of jutting Superstition Mountain, supposed site of the fabulous Lost Dutchman Gold Mine.

These plus-factors should go a long way toward furthering the dream of local promoters who, after years of sitting on the fence, have finally proclaimed Phoenix an all-year holiday center instead of merely a winter haven free of ice and snow.

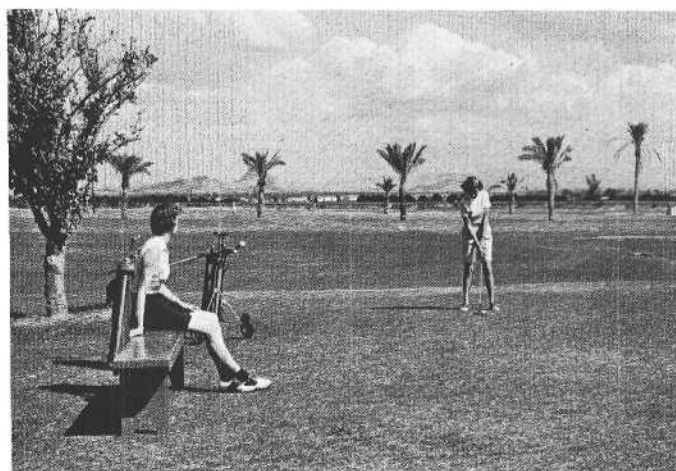
Let's not get too rosy, though. Phoenix (as all but the most prejudiced native sons will agree) still remains principally an excursion center unless you seek strictly a resort-type sojourn. The usual city vacation sights such as Encanto Park, Heard Museum, Pueblo Grande, Desert Botanical Garden, South Mountain Park and the U.S. Indian School can be seen in a couple of days, even sandwiching in some of the area's recreation like boating, golf, horseback riding and swimming. So, unless you want to stay put and loaf, plan to take half-day or day sightseeing trips outside the community.

Destinations, both off- and on-beat, might include the scenic

Continued on page 32



POPULARITY OF IMPERIAL VALLEY'S DUNE PLAYGROUNDS IS INCREASING.



GOLF IN VALLEY OF THE SUN IS YEAR-ROUND VACATION ATTRACTION.



# are:

✓ Imperial Dunes

✓ Phoenix Vacationland

✓ Indian Art Center

✓ Valley of Fire



By W. THETFORD LeVINNESS  
P.O. Box 155, Santa Fe

By PEGGY TREGO  
Unionville, via Imlay, Nev.

**I**N NOVEMBER New Mexico has only a couple of events scheduled that are of much interest to tourists. The 12th is the feast of San Diego, and two Indian pueblos—Jemez and Tesuque—celebrate it with ceremonial dances. Jemez is on State Road 4, two miles north of its junction with State Road 44; it is best reached from Santa Fe or Albuquerque by taking U.S. 85 to Bernalillo. Tesuque is on U.S. 64-84-285, 10 miles north of Santa Fe.

Jemez (pronounced: HAY-mezz) is noted for some very superior basket weaving, and Tesuque has a reputation for pottery. In addition, Jemez has produced some excellent Indian painting. You may purchase water colors by Jose Rey Toledo at his Jemez home, and also see paintings by Pueblo children at the government day school there. Al Momaday, an accomplished Kiowa artist, is the Jemez teacher, and his paintings are for sale, too.

Paintings by Pueblo artists are on sale in a variety of museums and curio stores throughout New Mexico. One of the largest outlets for Indian paintings is the Museum of New Mexico's art gallery in Santa Fe. Also in the old capital is the Santa Fe Gift Shop, across DeVargas Street from the oldest church in the United States. Chester and Elizabeth Copmann are the proprietors, and they handle a variety of Indian arts and crafts of the Southwest tribes. The list of Pueblo and Navajo painters they represent is a veritable roster of great names in the field—Quincy Tahoma, Harrison Begay, Timothy Vigil, Poquin Tahn, John Martinez, Adee Dodge and Beatin Yazz, among others.

Frank Patania markets the paintings of Joe H. (See-Ru) Herrera in shops in Santa Fe and in Tucson. Pablita Velarde of Santa Clara Pueblo sells her paintings from her home, 805 Adams St. N.E., Albuquerque; her 16-year-old daughter, Helen Hardin, also paints and her work is for sale there too. Another New Mexico dealer handling a wide selection of Indian art is Don Woodard, in downtown Gallup. In Taos, Indian paintings of Pop-Chalee and Harrison Begay are on sale at Merrill's Gallery; other Taos outlets for Indian art are the Blue Door and the Galeria Escondida. Popovi Da sells his paintings from his own gallery and curio shop at San Ildefonso Pueblo, on State Road 4 northwest of Santa Fe; a younger artist, Gilbert Atencio, has paintings available at his San Ildefonso home.

In much Pueblo painting, figures are portrayed without background or foreground; there is little perspective, in the conventional sense. Emphasis is pretty much on the representational.

Continued on next page



QUAH-AH'S "SMALL GROUP OF CORN DANCERS WITH DRUMMER."

**I**T IS TIME for a trip into the past. Not the recent past of pioneer settlement, but the time of the "Old Ones" who left their traces in Nevada's dramatic Valley of Fire.

Overton, 50 miles northeast of Las Vegas, is the gateway to this historic and beautiful wilderness, and the best place to gain introduction to the ancient lore of the area. At Overton's Lost City Museum of Archeology are collections of artifacts covering 12,000 years of civilization in this region. One of the more interesting exhibits is a full scale replica of a typical ancient pueblo now covered by the waters of Lake Mead, which was carefully excavated and copied before the rising waters of the Colorado River drowned it forever. The kivas on display are faithful reproductions of the type of dwelling used by the tribesmen who once lived in this part of the world. Other exhibits outline the once-great "Lost City" which flourished as recently as 1500 years ago and extended in area nearly 30 miles along both sides of the Muddy River.

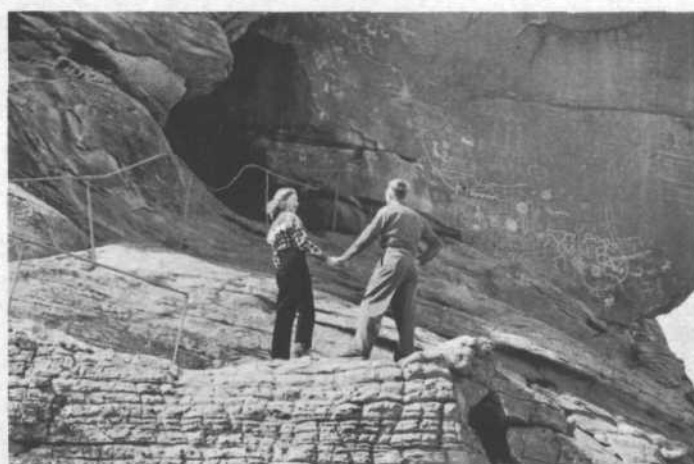
At the state-operated admission-free Museum, too, you will find full information on the Valley of Fire itself, which is Nevada's largest state park.

Even without historic interest, Valley of Fire is of park caliber. Here is a brilliantly-colored basin about six miles long, three to four miles wide, where centuries of wind, rain and sand have carved great masses of glowing red sandstone into fantastic shapes. Side canyons (which include water and picnic facilities) lead to some of the more remarkable natural features—Atlatl Rock, Elephant Head, the overall vista from Mouse's Tank (a place that commemorates a more recent Indian, a renegade named Mouse who dodged the law for many years).

The colorful rocks which give the Valley its name are some of the oldest in Nevada, dating from Triassic and Jurassic eras, and there is infinite variety in their hue and shape. Colors vary with time of day, although photographers in search of perfection usually prefer the hours just after sunrise and just before sunset. No desert-lover fails to find the Valley of Fire fascinating, a place for the special kind of desert dreaming where space and silence beckon the imagination to far reaches.

Thousands of petroglyphs cover rock faces—figures of animals, men and strange symbols. The meaning of these rock carvings is lost with the artists whose stone tools fashioned them, but you'll certainly evolve some interpretations of your own.

Continued on next page



VALLEY OF FIRE'S PETROGLYPHS ARE ONLY ONE OF ITS TOURIST LURES.

# Southwest Travel --- continued from preceding pages

## California --

ledge was found—and lost—about 40 years ago (*Desert*, June '47). And Pegleg's nuggets have been sought around the Chocولاتes, with many a trio of "little buttes" spotted as the hoped-for landmark.

Remains of uranium hunters' monuments and camps of the mid-1950s are visible. Prospectors and health-seekers still camp here. This side of the Algodones is also familiar to rockhounds.

At the Blythe-Ogilby road motorists can turn left and reach Highway 60-70, or right to Highway 80. Left, the road leads past Midway Well, once important water source but now ruined by floods. Beyond are idle manganese districts.

Dominating this back country area is the great Milpitas Wash, filled with palo verdes and ironwoods. Cars at this crossing have been marooned when cloudburst torrents roared through. Plans for surfacing the road to the Riverside County line at Palo Verde are contemplated by Imperial County now that the Glamis Dune crossing is completed.

Passing a left branch to the Wiley Well country and a right branch to the river, the road enters the small but rugged Palo Verde range. For a gem area here see *Desert*, Nov. '56. About eight miles farther is Palo Verde, on a lagoon of the Colorado, with Blythe a short drive away.

Those turning south at the Glamis road junction toward Ogilby will find gem areas, old mining country, Indian haunts and a ghost town. Hospitality of Carl and Margaret Walker at Gold Rock Ranch is an extra treat. Agate and petrified palm are three to four miles from the junction (*Desert*, July '56) and Indian Pass field (*Desert*, Feb. '49) is eight-nine miles farther. At Gold Rock Ranch, a few miles south, is an east branch to Tumco ghost town, once a famous gold mining center. It is owned by Robert Walker, and visitors should check in at Gold Rock. They'll enjoy their stop.

Other Cargo Muchacho mines, some pre-dating the Gold Rush, may be reached from Ogilby. Few signs of Ogilby's past importance remain, but it once was railroad shipping point for much gold and was a supply center for hundreds of miners and freighters. A few miles south, Highway 80 is reached at a point minutes away from Yuma, or less than 50 miles to El Centro—through the southern end of the Algodones.—END

## Arizona --

Apache Trail and its lakes, ghost towns such as Gillette off the Black Canyon Highway, a picnic at tree-shaded Seven Springs, shopping in Scottsdale's quaint porch-fronted stores, the Yaqui Indian village of Guadalupe, the former Territorial capital of Prescott, Casa Grande National Monument with its odd desert watchtower, St. John's Mission at Komatke, Old Fort McDowell, the copper mines and former stage coach stations around Hayden and Ray, or the Verde Valley edging Oak Creek Canyon and the sliding ghost town of Jerome.

There'll be other outstanding special events, to spice your stay, as the season progresses. You might especially note the \$22,500 Phoenix Open Golf Tournament in early February, Wickenburg's Gold Rush

Days around mid-February, the Dons Club Superstition Mountain Trek on March 6, and the Phoenix Jaycee World Championship Rodeo set for March 17-20. All in all, it adds up to more fun with a greater flair for vacationists in Phoenix.—END

## True or False

How much do you really know about

the Great American Desert? Here are 20 questions that may give you a pretty good idea of your "Southwest Savvy" rating. A word of warning: some of these questions border on the unfair. Take your time—think them out. Eleven right answers is a passing mark; 12 to 16: good; 17 or better: excellent. Answers are on page 38.

1. The Mountain Chant is a ceremonial used by the Pima Indians. — True... False...
2. The Little Colorado River flows through both Zion and Bryce national parks.—True... False...
3. Capital of the proposed Mormon state of Deseret was to have been Ely, Nev.—True... False...
4. Wyatt Earp killed Doc Holliday in what the courts ruled a "fair fight." —True... False...
5. The San Geronio Pass is the highest mountain corridor between Reno and Las Vegas, Nev. — True... False...
6. Yellow Aster, Bullfrog and Lucky Cuss are names of geologic formations in Grand Canyon.—True... False...
7. The ocotillo is the only cactus that livestock will graze. — True... False...
8. The U.S. Southwest's dune area is about equal to the Sahara's. — True... False...
9. Apaches used poison-barbed *wickiups* to bring down large game such as deer and mountain sheep. — True... False...
10. "Volcanic Glass" is another name for tourmaline.—True... False...
11. "Screwbean" is the common name for wild buckwheat. — True... False...
12. Scottsdale, Ariz., (*moe-ir-botki*) is the former site of a large Hopi village.—True... False...
13. The horned toad is a lizard. — True... False...
14. Flower of the palo verde is yellow. —True... False...
15. Indians dwelling on the shores of Pyramid Lake in Nevada are Paiutes.—True... False...
16. Motoring from Albuquerque to Gallup, your road passes through Las Cruces, New Mexico.—True... False...
17. DeAnza invaded New Mexico seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola.— True... False...
18. Hoover Dam was built in Boulder Canyon.—True... False...
19. Dominating the Tucson skyline are the San Francisco Peaks.—True... False...
20. The nolina is the only bird in the Southwest that makes its nest in the hedgehog cactus. — True... False...

## Nevada—Utah --

Designs used today have been traced to the Basket Makers—predecessors of the Cliff Dwellers and other Anasazi peoples who were in the area as early as the Second Century A.D. The same designs appeared on ceramics of a later period. About the Tenth Century, these ancient people migrated to the banks of the upper Rio Grande, where their descendants still live. For perhaps the first time, artists among them painted life-size figures of their townsfolk in full costume and color.

In the 1920s, Pueblo artists began to use native subject-matter in making water colors. It was a real Renaissance for Indian painting. Some of the output was acquired by museums and collectors; a few of the men and women of these old villages became famous—Awa Tsireh, Velino Shije, Fred Kabotie and Quah-Ah, to mention a few.

Perhaps the most traditional of this generation was Quah-Ah, who was also known by her Spanish name, Tonita Pena. A San Ildefonso woman living at Cochiti, she did authentic representations of many of her people's ceremonial dances. Two of her finest were "Pueblo Corn Dancers" and "Pueblo Figures with Corn-Husk Aprons." Quah-Ah died in 1949. Joe H. (See-Ru) Herrera is her son; he followed her style closely in his early paintings, but nowadays chiefly uses Indian symbolism, based on pictographs and petroglyphs, in his work. Pablita Velarde (*Desert*, Sept. '56) is known internationally for her "earth paintings"—she grinds variegated rocks into powder as a base, and mixes it with water and glue for a medium. Among Pueblo artists who adhere more closely to tradition are Popovi Da, Gilbert Atencio, and Jose Rey Toledo. Harrison Begay (*Desert*, Dec. '57), another traditionalist, is a Navajo who paints in the Pueblo vein.

Pueblo painting is something old and something new. It is art and archeology. It is ethnology with a glance at the tourist traffic. Museums and groups interested in Indian welfare do much to promote it. The Museum of New Mexico holds an exhibition of Indian painting every summer; judges are appointed and awards are given in several categories. Santa Fe's Southwestern Association on Indian Affairs puts up money for the awards, and gives other prizes in Indian arts and crafts at the annual Santa Fe Fiesta (over Labor Day week end).—END

## New Mexico --

The Valley was both refuge and hunting-grounds for the Ancients. Fragments of petrified trees indicate that this was once a forested area of wide expanse, although only the small desert shrubs and plants grow here today. Paths lead to the more accessible petroglyphs and walking can be easy or strenuous as you choose.

This is the time to enjoy the Valley of Fire to best advantage. The sun is warm, but not too warm—perfect for hiking and picnicking. Roads are all-year thoroughfares, passable to everything from Jeeps to Cadillacs, and it is an easy 30 miles from Overton through the Valley back to U.S. 91. Remember to gas up before entering the park as there are no filling stations to mar its natural grandeur. Then, forgetting the modern world for a while, enter fully into the truly ancient past.—END



# BOOKS of the SOUTHWEST

## UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT OF MEXICAN TROOPS—1837-47

The decade 1837-1847 was a tragic one for Mexico. In that span of years the young nation fought Texans, Frenchmen and United States troops—and there was not a little fighting between Mexican and Mexican (23 changes in government leadership occurred during these 10 years).

In this confusion the official Mexican records on soldiers' organization, dress and equipment was pretty much lost. To set part of the record straight, the Mexican publishing team of Nieto-Brown-Hefter has published a 9x7" paperback "pictorial reference work" titled, *The Mexican Soldier, 1837-1847*, which fills some of the historical gaps. Sixteen full-page plates, half of them in color, illustrate uniforms and equipment details. The 80 pages of text are printed in both Spanish and English.

Of more value to the researcher than the pleasure reader, this offering sells for \$3.

## BEAUTIFUL GEMSTONE VOLUME OFF PRESS

John Sinkankas is to the lapidary world what "amateur" herpetologist Laurence Klauber is to the rattlesnake. Sinkankas' vocation is the Navy, in which he serves as a Captain. His avocation is the cutting and polishing of precious stones. Strange combination? Perhaps, but the fact remains that this man has few if any peers in this most exacting of "hobbies."

The author's first book, *Gem Cutting—A*

*Lapidary's Manual* (D. Van Nostrand, \$8.95) was more than well received, and now he has written a new work.

Recently published by D. Van Nostrand Company of New Jersey is Sinkankas' handsome 675-page compilation, *Gemstones of North America*. This is the finest thing to come into print in many a gem-mineral year. In it all gemstone species found in this continent are described, along with their locations and circumstances under which found.

Good illustrations — color, black-and-white halftones and line drawings — add much to *Gemstones*. The book also contains bibliography, glossary, locality index and general index. It sells for \$15.

## EXPLORING THE GREAT CAVES OF THE WEST

William R. Halliday is in his early 30s, but already he has made his mark in two diverse fields. He is a chest and heart surgeon (his practice is in Seattle), and he is one of the most accomplished and enthusiastic cave explorers in the nation. Now we can add a third laurel: Dr. Halliday is the author of an interesting and readable book dealing with his avocation titled, *Adventure Is Underground*.

This is the story of the investigation of the West's major caves, with Halliday's own experiences in these caverns a common thread throughout the various episodes. Fortunately, the author does not

make the mistake of playing up the sensationalism that is never the goal of the serious caver.

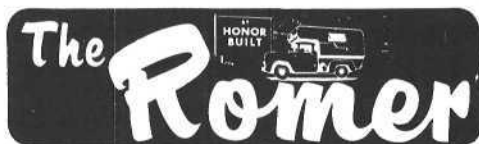
Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; with a generous supply of halftone illustrations; index; and a glossary of cavers' vocabulary; 206 pp. \$4.50. The final chapter gives practical advice for the would-be caver.

## NEW MOUNTAINEERING BOOK TELLS HOW TO "GO LIGHT"

Gerry Cunningham is an expert mountaineering equipment designer and manufacturer; Meg Hansson is a competent writer who has never lost the novice's enthusiasm for the outdoors. Together they have produced a thin volume (130 pages) that is sure to prove its worth to the backpack fraternity. *Light Weight Camping Equipment and How to Make It* covers the field — starting with a thorough discussion of materials to use, and ending with project instructions for making belt pocket, echo pack, sleeping bag, mountain tent and parka.

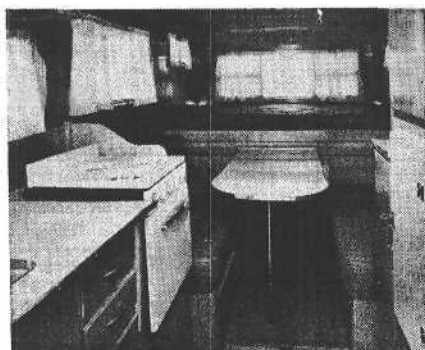
The authors are convinced that a lot of outdoor lovers would like to "go light," but too few of them know how. The Cunningham-Hansson book will help a great deal. It is published by Highlander Publishing Co., Ward, Colorado; line drawings; \$3.25.

Books reviewed on this page can be purchased by mail from Desert Magazine Book Store, Palm Desert, California. Please add 10¢ for postage and handling per book. California residents also add 4% sales tax. Write for free book catalog.



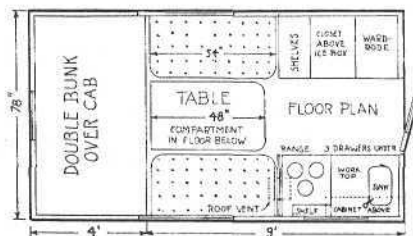
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TREASURE TRAILS by Santschi, 117 pages, Doodlebug Edition, illustrated, dowsing for treasure, many devices described. A scarce item now available \$1.50. Foul Anchor, DM, Rye, New York.

BOOKS: "PANNING Gold for Beginners," 50c. "Gold in Placer," \$3. Frank J. Harnagy, 701 1/2 E. Edgeware, Los Angeles 26, California.

GEM HUNTERS Atlas: Now! Both of these popular books are in their 3rd printing with all collecting areas spotted in color. 32 full page maps in each book with complete coverage of the six states. Many new locations. California-Nevada, \$1. Southwest — Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, \$1, postpaid. Scenic Guides, Box 288, Susanville, Calif.

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FIRST 15 Volumes Desert in binders, including rare November, 1937. Price \$50.00. Roger Arnold, P.O. Box 613, Orange, California.

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BUY NOW—Be ready: Tumble polished baroques mixed medium sizes, \$4 per pound, 3 pounds \$10. Unsorted tumbler run baroques, \$2.50 per pound. Guadalupe Canyon yellow moss agate baroques, \$4 per pound. Postage, please. Tako Rock Gems, Box 332, Sierra Vista, Arizona.

GENUINE TURQUOISE: Natural color, blue and bluish green, cut and polished cabochons—25 carats (5 to 10 stones according to size) \$3.50 including tax, postpaid in U.S.A. Package 50 carats (10 to 20 cabochons) \$6.15 including tax, postpaid in U.S.A. Elliott Gem & Mineral Shop, 235 E. Seaside Blvd., Long Beach 2, Cal.

AUSTRALIAN TUMBLED gemstones, 8 different polished baroques, identified, suitable for necklace or chain bracelet. \$1.10 postpaid. Or 10 different polished baroques, identified, from around the world. \$1.25 postpaid. Bensusan, 8615 Columbus Avenue, Sepulveda, California.

CALIFORNIA DESERT rocks. Gem quality. Polished. Large assortment. One dollar postpaid. Pollard, 12719 Laurel Street, Lakeside, Calif.

OPAL, AMETHYST, etc. 10 ringsize stones, ground and polished ready to set, \$5. Opals, deep red, blue, green, golden flashing in all colors of the rainbow, direct from the mine, 15 for \$5. Kendall, Sanmiguel d'Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SPECIAL SLAB Offer: Over 20 varieties of foreign and domestic materials only \$5, taxes and postpaid. We guarantee you'll be pleased. Ramona Gemcrafts, Box 142, Ramona 6, Calif.

FLUORESCENT SPECIMENS and others, from Franklin, New Jersey. Large or small quantities. Write needs. C. Clinton, 120 Broad Street, Matawan, New Jersey.

CLEAR QUARTZ stars, pagodas, butterflies, cranes, tear drops, crosses, Eiffel Towers; Smoky quartz hearts. Findings, chains, caps. Dealers write: Bedside Lapidary, O'Neill, Neb.

GOLDEN TIGEREYE matched stone cuff links, imported from South Africa. Ever-varying silken sheen changes with each movement as the genuine African Tigereye catches the light. Cut with diamond saws, beveled and polished and mounted in gold overlay making a truly handsome accessory. Boxed in a manner of much higher priced jewelry. Links, approximately 1x3/4". The ideal gift. Money back if not satisfied. \$5. Limited to stones available. Bell Products, P.O. Box 4042 Magnolia Station, Seattle 99, Washington. Men's Lapidary Jewelry and Gem Stones.

APACHE TEAR Necklace, earrings, key chain, bola tie, all four pieces \$5.00 or \$1.50 each. Free specimen with each order. Include 10% Federal tax. Rock Baubles Shop, 8922 No. Forest, Sunnyslope, Arizona.

### ● GEMS, DEALERS

CHOICE MINERAL specimens, rough and cut gem material, lapidary and jewelry equipment and supplies, mountings, fluorescent lamps, books. Valley Art Shoppe, 21108 Devonshire Street, Chatsworth, California.

DESERT ROCKS, woods, jewelry. Residence rear of shop. Rockhounds welcome. Mile west on U.S. 66. McShan's Gem Shop and Desert Museum. P.O. Box 22, Needles, California.

VISIT GOLD Pan Rock Shop. Beautiful sphere material, mineral specimens, choice crystals, cutting materials, jewelry, bolo ties, baroques, spheres, bookends, paperweights, cabochons, faceted stones, fluorescents, jewelry findings, lapidary equipment and supplies, Navajo rugs, custom sawing—by the inch or shares. Saws, up to 30-inch diameters. John and Etta James, proprietors, 2020 North Carson Street on Highway 395 north end of town. Carson City, Nev.

"SELL ROCKS?" Yes! Sands, clays, soils, rocks, ores, fossils, many outdoor items sell for cash, trade for things wanted. Let Mother Nature finance outings, hobby, business. Details 4c stamp. "Suppliers' Bulletin" 25c. D. McCampbell, Box 503, Calexico, California.



**STOP CUSSEN!** Fred and Alice have a Gem Shop at their Chief Motel. Rings, bracelets, bola ties, pendants, brooches. Our own Indian silversmith. Rock Hounds welcome. Chief Motel, Parker, Arizona.

## ● GEMS, MINERALS - FOSSILS

**12 POUNDS** of beautiful Colorado mineral specimens, \$8 prepaid. Ask for list of others. Jack the Rockhound, P.O. Box 245, Carbonale, Colorado.

**FOSSILS.** 12 different for \$2. Other prices on request. Will buy, sell or trade. Museum of Fossils. Clifford H. Earl, P. O. Box 188, Sedona, Arizona.

**TRINITITE. RADIOACTIVE.** Glass formed by first Atomic bomb. Generous specimen postpaid \$1. Sandoval Minerals, Box 40, Sandoval, New Mexico.

**WOOD, VERY** colorful and good gem quality. State color and size wanted, 75c per pound, postage paid. Simonds Mines, Box 511, Hanksville, Utah.

**DESERT LOVERS,** collect sand. 50 specimens: \$5.50; 100: \$10; trial: 25c. Also plastic boxes for collections. Lor-Lew Designs, P.O. Box 324, North Haven, Connecticut.

**HUBNERITE TUNGSTEN,** rhodonite; good dark pink, Zynite in Guitermanite matrix at \$1 pound, sphalerite crystals, quartz and calcite crystals. For details write: The Prospect Hole, Silverton, Colorado.

**OPALS AND sapphires** direct from Australia. This month's best buy: specimen offer: 1 opalized shell, 1 large boulder opal, 1 opal quartzite specimen, 1 huge sapphire specimen. Together: \$18, free parcel post. Send personal check, international money order, bank draft. Free 16 page list of all Australian gemstones. Australian Gem Trading Co., 294 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I., Australia.

**CRYSTALS, MINERALS,** and Jewelry (All items natural). Collectors (not "Rockhounds") invited to see our rare, splendid Hematite "plates" (mined locally) and many others. Crystal Cave (shop) at Quartzsite, Arizona. Henry G. Hubbard.

**INDIANA GEODES** and mineral specimens, trade or sell. Other minerals and crystals from world wide locations. Mel's Minerals, P.O. Box 55336 Uptown Station, Indianapolis, Ind.

**COMPARISON MINERAL** specimens sample order of ten \$1.50. Included are lepidolite, smaltite, bauxite, cinnabar, garnierite, arsenophrite, chromite. Or send for free details on how to obtain 210 one inch specimens for only \$18.50 postpaid! Minerals Unlimited, 1724 University Avenue, Berkeley 3, Calif.

**GOLD ORE!** Large beautiful specimen from World's Greatest Gold Camp. \$1. Start now—your collection from famous Colorado mines. "The Old Prospector," Box 396M, Cripple Creek, Colorado.

**ROCKS AND Minerals Kit,** containing 60 selected specimens including gold and silver bearing ores. Invaluable to beginners or to one who prospects for pleasure. Learn to locate mineral deposits, recognize precious metals, identify geologic formations. Each specimen 3/4" plus, in partitioned box. An ideal Christmas gift. Only \$5.50 postpaid in U.S. Corral Gem Shop, 724 Willamette, Eugene, Oregon.

**FOR SALE:** Keokuk quartz geodes, two halves each from collection many years old. Contain many minerals—quartz, millerite, pyrite, goethite, calcite, barite, dolomite, galena, marcasite. Price One Dollar diameter inch, plus dollar each additional mineral. Auchard's, 217 No. 7th, Atchison, Kansas.

**TINY FLUORITE** Octahedrons in many colors fifteen for \$1 postpaid. For fluorite, write Gene Curtiss, 911 Pine Street, Benton, Ky.

**10 PENNSYLVANIA** mineral specimens; sizes up to 2". All for \$1 postpaid. Free peridot also. Marlyn Fahs, 2425 Sunset Road, York, Penna.

**CLOSING OUT** wholesale, fine mineral, cutting material and fluorescent collection. Dealers welcome. Come to C. A. Anderson's one and one-half miles west of Yermo, California, ten East of Barstow, Highway 91.

**NEW ACQUISITION,** just arrived: Bright yellow autunite, deep and light green pyromorphite, shiny radiating tourmaline, radiating green aegirite, terminated cerussite, rich gold and white quartz, deep purple amethyst, etc. Stock of domestic and foreign crystals, massive mineral specimens—Please write for free list. Continental Minerals, P.O. Box 1206, Anaconda, Montana.

**\$10.00 BRINGS** you post paid choice selection of increasingly scarce Lake Superior gem quality stone. Value at least double your cost. Specify slabs or specimens. Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed. Sta-Nar Sales, P.O. Box 274, Hibbing, Minnesota.

**MINERAL COLLECTORS**—Once again we have limited number well defined barite roses 2" to 3" diameter \$2 to \$5. Hourglass selenite crystal singles, 75c to \$2. Have rare borate crystals—inquire. Paul's Desert Gems, Box 271, Rosamond, California.

## ● GEMS, ROUGH MATERIAL

**WE ARE** mining every day. Mojave Desert agate, jasper and palm wood shipped mixed 100 pounds \$10.50 F.O.B. Barstow. Morton Minerals & Mining, 21423 Highway 66, R.F.D. 1, Barstow, California.

**WHY FOREIGN** Gemstones? Gem quality opalized and agatized woods and algae, agate geodes, white agate nodules, desert rose chalcedony, 50c lb., 10 lbs. \$4.50, slabs 15c sq. inch. Add postage and tax. Rogers Brothers, P.O. Box 662, Orange, California.

**TURQUOISE** FOR sale. Turquoise in the rough priced at from \$5 to \$50 a pound. Royal Blue Mines Co., Tonopah, Nevada.

**MOZARKITE** COMPOSED of jasper, rhodonite, chalcedony and agate. Beautiful colors in pink, grays, reds, blues and browns. Takes a beautiful polish. Send \$2.50 for get-acquainted offer. Timberline Lake Rock and Gem Shop, Lincoln, Missouri.

**ARIZONA SPECIMENS** native copper bornite and cuprite \$4 value for \$2. Cactus Rock Shop, P.O. Box 6, Tombstone, Arizona.

**MINNESOTA SUPERIOR** agates 1/2 to 1 inch \$1.35 pound postpaid; 1 to 2 inch \$2.50 pound postpaid. 3 polished Thompsonites \$1 postpaid. Frank Engstrom, Grey Eagle, Minn.

**COLORFUL AUSTRALIAN** Fire Opal \$25.00 worth on approval. No deposit! Select the best. Return the rest. See before you buy. Free list. Western Rock & Gem, 20385 Stanton, Castro Valley, California.

**GOLDEN SWIRL** Agate from Utah. White, yellow, brown. Nice irregular bands, eyes and circles. Finishes nicely. 75c a pound, 3 pounds for \$2; slabs, 15c inch. Plus postage. Stan's Shop, 123 West Fifth North, Provo, Utah.

**EXCEPTIONAL SPECIMENS** capping material, Madagascan labradorite crystals \$3, piece Australian opal solid fire \$2 upwards, piece Virginia unakite 80c pound. Joseph I. Touchette, Inc., P.O. Box 5967, Bethesda, Md.

**MOJAVE DESERT** jasper, howlite, agate, 75c pound, Australian rhodonite, aventurine, lepidolite, rainbow obsidian, \$1 pound, postage and tax extra. Tubby's Rock Shop, 3329 Mayfield, La Crescenta, California.

**GEMS — MINERALS —** Special offer: 1/4 pound phantom amethyst; from Africa; 75c postpaid. Free list. For the beautiful and exotic, write at once to The Vellor Company, P.O. Box 44(D), Overland, St. Louis 14, Missouri.

## ● INDIAN GOODS

**AUTHENTIC INDIAN** jewelry, Navajo rugs, Chimayo blankets, squaw boots, old Indian collection. Closed Tuesdays. Pow-Wow Indian Trading Post, 19967 Ventura Blvd., East Woodland Hills, Calif. Open Sundays.

**SELLING** 100,000 Indian relics. 100 nice ancient arrowheads \$25. Grooved stone tomahawk \$3. Perfect spearhead over 8 inches long \$20. Indian skull \$25. Ancient water bottle from grave \$7. List free. Lear's, Glenwood, Ark.

**FINE RESERVATION-MADE** Navajo and Zuni jewelry. Old pawn. Hundreds of fine old baskets, moderately priced, in excellent condition. Navajo rugs, Chimayo homespun, artifacts. A collector's paradise! Open daily 10 to 5:30, closed Mondays. Buffalo Trading Post, Highway 18, Apple Valley, California.

**THREE FINE** prehistoric Indian war arrowheads \$1. Flint scalping knife \$1. Rare flint thunderbird \$3. All \$4. Catalog 10c. Arrowhead, Glenwood, Arkansas.

**PINE VALLEY** Trading Post deals in authentic Indian goods, rugs and jewelry, also gift items, imports. On Highway 80, 43 miles east of San Diego. Mailing address, Box 208, Pine Valley, California.

**APACHE TRADING** Post, Angeles Forest Highway, R.R. 3, Box 94, Palmdale, California, featuring Indian artifacts, antiques, gems and minerals. Open Sundays.

## ● JEWELRY

**JEWELRY PARTS**—why pay retail? Catalog lists bracelets, sweater clips, tools, bails, cuff links, bell caps, Epoxy-Adhesive, earrings, belt buckles, chains, neck clasps, key chains, lariats, slides, tips or cords, as well as ring mountings, pendants, brooches, silver, and lapidary machines. Prompt first class mail delivery assured. All items sold on money-back guarantee. Send 4c stamp to cover postage on your catalog. Rock Craft, Box 424D-1, Temple City, California.

**HANDCRAFTED GEMSTONE** jewelry — Individual design—Bolo ties, Masonic emblem mounted on drilled gemstones. Western Gems, 2407 Ames, Edgewater, Colorado.

**BOLA AND** jewelry finding price list. Compare our prices before you buy. Please include 10c to cover cost of mailing. Dealers send resale number for wholesale list. The Hobby Shop, Dept. DM, P.O. Box 753, 619 North 10th Avenue (Hiway 30), Caldwell, Idaho.

**LET US** mount your gems. Send us your own personal design. We manufacture mountings and set your stone in 14K gold, silver, or platinum. Quality workmanship, reasonable. Snearly Mfg. Jlr., 307 Schuter Bldg., El Dorado, Arkansas.

**IDENTIFICATION LABELED** eleven different genuine baroque stones cemented on lovely gold plated or rhodium plated bracelet postpaid Federal tax included. Missouri residents add 2%. Price \$3, Box 9424, Raytown, Missouri.

MORE CLASSIFIEDS ON NEXT PAGE

# TRADING POST --- (Continued)

**BLACK JADE** and sterling silver necklace or earrings, screw or pierced. In attractive box, \$3.75. Both \$6.75. Oregon Gem Supply, Box 298, Jacksonville, Oregon.

**UNIQUE LOVELY** bracelets of ten different identified gems set flat on untarnishable gilt H.P. mounting. Choice of "Gems of the World" or "Western Gems," \$3 each. Also choker-style necklaces to match, \$3.75 each. Tax, postage included. Bensusan, 8615 Columbus Avenue, Sepulveda, California.

**ROCKHOUNDS!** LET me make mountings for your cabochons, sterling or gold, any design. Gemkutt, 3128 East Washington Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

**YOUR CABOCHONS** mounted in silver. Any size or shape. Ladies ring \$5. Other mounts by estimate. The Rock Shop, Burlington, Colo.

**ALUMINUM CHAINS!** Dealers, write for wholesale price list on our fabulous line of non-tarnishing aluminum chains. Include \$1 for samples postpaid. Please use letterhead or state tax number. R. B. Berry & Company, 5040 Corby Street, Omaha 4, Nebraska.

**CUSTOM FACETING** of precious and semi-precious stones. R. Reis & Associates, 3829 West 66th Street, Chicago 29, Illinois.

## ● MAPS

**SECTIONIZED COUNTY** maps — San Bernardino \$1.50; Riverside \$1; Imperial, small \$1, large \$2; San Diego 50c; Inyo, western half \$1.25, eastern half, \$1.25; Kern \$1.25; other California counties \$1.25 each. Nevada counties \$1 each. Topographic maps of all mapped western areas. Westwide Maps Co., 114 W. Third St., Los Angeles, California.

"**TREASURE MAP** of the Great Mojave Desert," finest guide to Mojave's treasure of gems, minerals, rocks and recreation, 22x33", 26 detailed maps to special localities. \$1 postpaid. Gemac, Box 808J, Mentone, Calif.

## ● MINING

**ASSAYS. COMPLETE,** accurate, guaranteed. Highest quality spectrographic. Only \$5 per sample. Reed Engineering, 620-R So. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, California.

**WESTERN MINING** News, monthly, for miners, prospectors, claim owners, \$2 per year. Sample copy 25c. Box 787, Sonora, Calif.

**\$1 FOR gold** areas, 25 California counties. Geology, elevations. Pans \$2.75, \$2.25. Poke \$1. Fred Mark, Box 801, Ojai, California.

**HAVE SIMPLE** inexpensive process to obtain crude oil from dry oil shale rock. Also have the shale. Need partner with finances. Contact John H. Medlen, Box 102, Plainview, Nebraska.

## ● REAL ESTATE

**PALM DESERT** Highlands, "The Bel Air of the Desert." Large view lots overlooking entire valley. TV Cable, all utilities. Special: 3 bedroom, 2 bath home with family room, lanai, carpeted and draped, \$29,950. Other spacious homes, some with pools. Hal Kapp-Ted Smith, Desert Property Consultants, Inc., 74-102 Highway 111, Box 887, Palm Desert, Cal.

**\$1600 CASH** five room house in Randsburg. Partially furnished, handmade curtains, new linoleum, newly painted inside and outside. Esther Ewell, Box 188, Randsburg, California. Phone 5292.

**80 ACRES** near Lockhart, level, \$125 acre, 25% down. 20 acres Highway 395, level, north of Adelanto, \$150 acre, 10% down. 2 1/2 acres west of Adelanto, level, \$1495, 10% down. 2 1/2 acres Lancaster on paved highway, shallow water, level, \$2495, 10% down. Dr. Dodge, 1804 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, Calif.

**29 PALMS AREA** bargain! New 400 sq. ft. cottage on five acres, total price \$1794. 100% financing available. Write Homestead Suppliers, 1903 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles or phone Hubbard 3-7576, Monday through Friday 9 to 9. If you are near Banning, phone Victor 9-4677. Also bargain, 480 sq. ft. cottage east of Desert Hot Springs, \$2695.

**THREE 1/3 acre** building sites near Salton Sea with fresh soft well water and other utilities. Total price \$2900 for all three. Ronald L. Johnson, Broker, Box 162, Thermal, Calif.

**OVERLOOKING OAK** Creek Canyon, Arizona. Seven room commercial and residential building on highway, 3 miles S.W. of Sedona. 70 ft. frontage—143 feet deep—1500 sq. ft. floor space—water rights, bus & mail service—rock construction; in growing district, mild winters. Price \$21,000—\$6000 cash, terms at 6%. Blandin Hall of Art, Sedona, Arizona.

**20 ACRES,** choice property, scenic view, near subdivisions, \$800 per acre, Box 26, Morongo Valley, California.

**PINYON CREST**—Lovely new home on 2 1/2 acre lot. Large master bedroom and den bedroom. Tiled stall shower. Roomy living-dining room with fireplace. Compact kitchen with Thermador electric oven. 12 miles from Palm Desert at 4000 ft. elevation. Beautiful view of Coachella Valley. An outstanding buy at \$16,500. Write Fred Hartley, P.O. Box 662, or call Flreside 6-6690, Palm Desert, California.

## ● RECORDS

**CANYON INDIAN** phonograph records, authentic songs and dances, all speeds. Write for latest list: Canyon Records, 834 No. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 1, Arizona.

**DESERT ALBUM,** L. P., Something new! Something modern! And something different! "Golden Album of Desert Songs." Original desert songs set to beautiful modern desert music. The perfect gift for Christmas! Eight delightful songs composed, arranged and sung by big time professionals. B. M. I. Send to all your friends for Christmas; there is nothing like it on the market. Price only \$5 each, plus postage. California customers include 4% sales tax. Send check and address to: Lois E. Roy, Box 427, Palm Desert, California.

## ● PLANTS, SEEDS

**CHIA AS** featured in article, "Hot Cakes and Chia" for sale—limited quantity, \$7.50 lb. Inquiries to Bruce Gregory, Box 65, Red Mountain, California.

**DESERT WILDFLOWER** seeds. Six kinds in separate packets mailed for \$1. Theodore Payne, Wild Flower Specialist, 2969 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles 39, California.

**RAISE GOURDS**—colorful, very fascinating, take little space, make wonderful hobby or crafts can develop into commercially profitable business. Complete instruction kit, craft sheets, seeds, copy magazine, etc., all \$1 prepaid. Price lists of allied crafts included. Joycrafts, 337D Pittock Block, Portland 5, Oregon.

## ● FOR WOMEN

**LEARN EXPERT** cake decorating, candy making. Free details to housewives! Candy and Cake, Dept. 540, Fallbrook, California.

**LADY GODIVA** "The World's Finest Beautifier." For women who wish to become beautiful, for women who wish to remain beautiful. An outstanding desert cream. For information, write or call Lola Barnes, 963 N. Oakland, Pasadena 6, Calif., or phone SYcamore 4-2378.

## ● WESTERN MERCHANDISE

**FOR SALE** desert-colored objects; ink wells, whiskey flasks, Ford headlight—all very old. Many others, desert antiques, rocks, old tobacco cutter, collector's items. 35035 77th St. Box 147, Littlerock, California, at Shirley Lumber Company, 2 blocks off Highway 138.

**GHOST TOWN** items: Sun-colored glass, amethyst to royal purple; ghost railroads materials, tickets; limited odd items from camps of the '60s. Write your interest—Box 64-D, Smith, Nevada.

**BEAUTIFUL HAND** tooled billfolds made of fine leather, \$4.50 each money-back guarantee. Asplund, 3340 Eckheart, So. San Gabriel, Cal.

## ● MISCELLANEOUS

**FIND FLUORESCENT** minerals the easy way. New detector operates in daylight without batteries. Fits in pocket and eliminates dark box. Price \$12.50. Free brochure, Essington Products and Engineering, Box 4174, Coronado Station, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

**MICROSCOPES,** NEW and used, for professionals and hobbyists. Telescopes, scientific supplies. Write for price list. Peninsula Scientific, 2421 El Camino, Palo Alto, California.

**PLASTIC EMBEDDING** for fun and profit, no oven. Make beautiful jewelry, decorative panels, science specimen castings. Catalog 25c, Natcol Plastics, Box 444, Yucaipa, Calif.

**TRAVEL SIZE** Chess-Checker game for travel, field trips, rainy days. \$1 postpaid money-back guarantee. Cheyenne Hobby, Box 2206, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

**YOUR FAVORITE** desert snapshot or slide reproduced in oil paint on linen canvas for lasting beauty and enjoyment. 10x14; \$24.70. 18x14; \$44.50. 18x24; \$56.80. No C.O.D. please. Send for price list other sizes or visit us in the ghost town of Garlock, 10 miles west of Randsburg. Roberts's, Box C, Randsburg, California.

**MEXICAN DESERT,** jungle. Hunting, fishing, photography. Want partners, jeep, boat, trailer. Christian Walton, 5400 Federal Blvd., San Diego 14, California.

**PAUL STANLEY,** Public Accountant, announces the new location of his offices at 73-640 Hwy. 111, Palm Desert. Phone Flreside 6-6112.

### PHOTO and ART credits

(Unless otherwise specified below or in text, photographs and art work are by authors of features in which they appear.)

**Page 8:** woman at well—U.S. Reclamation Bureau; village—Frashers; woman—U.S. Indian Service. **10:** U.S. Indian Service. **11:** New Mexico State Tourist Bureau. **12:** map by Norton Allen. **14:** top—M. L. Carothers; bot.—Graham Heid. **17-18:** photos courtesy Burr Belden. **19:** Frank L. Gaynor. **20:** James Bosch. **21:** U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. **22:** Navajo Service; map by Norton Allen. **27:** map by Norton Allen. **30:** I.—Harold Weight; r.—Phoenix C. of C. **31:** I.—New Mexico State Tourist Bureau; r.—Las Vegas News Bureau.



# SOUTHWEST NEWS BRIEFS

¶ A 7600-acre tract in Tucson Mountain Park has been opened for mining—and conservationists are demanding to know why.

## Conservation Consternation

Arizona Representative Stewart Udall has asked for a public hearing into the matter. Udall said the opening of the land to mining has "caused consternation in Tucson, as this is a major recreational asset of this community . . ."

¶ Where did Explorer-Conquistador Juan Onate make his headquarters in what is now New Mexico? Anthropologists say they have settled the question for all time.

## Onate Slept Here

Onate's capital is located directly under the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nick Salazar across the Rio Grande from San Juan Pueblo. A "variety of proof of occupancy" by Onate at the Salazar place seems to eliminate one theory that Onate's camp might have been several miles downstream south of the Chama River.

¶ Construction is due to start on a \$15 million steel mill at Clarkdale, Arizona. Webb and Knapp Strategic Corporation said its plant

## Steel From Copper Slag

will utilize a newly perfected process of recovering iron ore from copper slag and turning it into quality steel. The plant, expected to be in operation in about two years, will employ 250 men at the start. The Webb and Knapp works will utilize the abandoned copper smelter buildings and facilities of Phelps-Dodge Corporation, closed in 1950. There are approximately 30 million tons of material in the Clarkdale slag pile—enough to last the steel producers 30 to 60 years.

¶ In 1879, a heroic band of Mormon pioneers crossed the Colorado River at Hole-in-the-Rock (Desert Sept. '59). To commemorate this event, more than 100 members of the Sons of Utah Pioneers recently gathered at the historic site to unveil a plaque marking the site.

## Hole-in-Rock Remembered

Actually, the plaque was "transplanted." It was taken from its 21-year-old resting place at the edge of the river and placed near the entrance to Hole-in-the-Rock. Water backed up by the Glen Canyon Dam will inundate the former plaque site.

## Announcing the 1959-60 DESERT MAGAZINE Art Gallery program

Oct. 31—Nov. 18  
**MARJORIE REED—Oils**  
Nov. 20—Dec. 7  
**PAULA MUNSON—**  
**Driftwood Composition**  
Dec. 8—Jan. 4  
**JOHN HILTON—Oils**  
Feb. 2—Feb. 22  
**DAVID VILLASENOR—Sandpainting**  
Feb. 23—March 14  
**FREMONT ELLIS—Oils**  
March 15—April 4  
**CHARLES REYNOLDS—Oils**  
April 5—May 2  
**BROWNELL McGREW—Oils**  
**DESERT MAGAZINE ART GALLERY**  
"The nation's leading gallery devoted exclusively to Southwest Desert paintings"  
Open to the Public — No Admission Fee  
PALM DESERT CALIFORNIA

¶ The Navy is giving up 21,000 acres of its Chocolate Mountain Aerial Gunnery Range on the eastern edge of Imperial Valley in Southeastern California.

## Land Grab In Reverse

Action stems from a request by the Imperial County Board of Supervisors which wants the gravel deposits in the land for road-building materials. The tract in question is east of Glamis.

## Cash for Contributions

### \$15: Photo of the Month

Photos should be black and white, 5x7 or larger, and of a Desert Southwest subject. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication, \$3 each will be paid. Address: Photo Contest.

### \$5: Poem of the Month

Poems must be original, previously unpublished and not more than 24 lines in length. Only desert subjects considered. Address: Poetry Contest.

### \$2: Recipes of the Southwest

Recipes limited to Mexican, barbecue or camp-out dishes. Address: Recipes.

\* \* \*

Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned unless postage enclosed.

Mail to:

**DESERT MAGAZINE**

Palm Desert, Calif.



## for travel fun—travel trailer

Roughing it is great! But after a day hiking in the woods or trolling out on the lake, there's nothing like pulling off your boots and sinking into those easy chairs in your travel trailer! And at night, after a shower and dinner, the family has plenty of light for cards, reading, or just plain taking it easy. The kids love it—there's always cold root beer in the refrigerator.

Those freezing nights? No problem. With thermostatic warmth and beds softer than home you wake up fresh as a spring pine.

No reservations needed—choose the mountains, the beach, or the desert. A travel trailer goes any place your car goes.

See your local dealer—he'll be happy to show you how inexpensive fun traveling can be! Find him in the Yellow Pages. Or write the Travel Division of the Trailer Coach Association for dealers nearest you.

Look for the TCA seal—your guarantee of the highest construction standards. Trailer Coach Association, 607 South Hobart, Los Angeles 5.





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In San Francisco, EXbrook 7-2717

## FREE BOOK FOR THOSE WHO ARE PLANNING TO RETIRE

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## HILTON | Bahia de los Angeles

Continued from page 14

foot. To reach its tip takes about an hour from the Diaz resort if one does not stop too often for sea shells or to spear crabs. Such a hike is more pleasant if one takes lunch, canteen and fishing pole as well as collecting buckets. It should be planned so that one's arrival coincides with a good low tide. The beach outside the sandspit and somewhat north of it is an excellent collecting area for the giant hacha clams, pink murex (these too are edible and taste somewhat like abalone), rock oysters and many other sea denizens, including showy starfish.

After the tide starts in, the very tip of the sandspit is an excellent spot for fishing corvina and the halibut-like tarbut that come in close to the shore to feed.

A road leads north from the resort to a spot known as La Gringa, a wonderful place for picnicking, shore fishing, shell collecting, clam digging and skin diving.

The water here is usually clearer for the skin divers who want to shoot fish underwater, collect hacha clams, or take underwater photos of the submarine gardens. Just off the rocky point which reaches out toward Smith Island is one of the two places in the area where good pearl shell has been found alive, and pearls of all sizes have been taken by skin divers in recent times.

The other spot is directly south of the "Ventana" arch on the island of Nueva Amor in the middle of the bay. There is a small group of rocks that become exposed at low tide, and around these rocks grow red sea fans to which the pearl shells are attached. Pearl shells should be over four inches across to be taken. Smaller shells are immature, do not cure well as specimens, and never contain pearls large enough to be worth saving. Here, as in almost any other field, the rule of "leave the small ones for seed," applies. The water here is from 15 to 20 feet deep at low tide. No diver should ever work alone.

I feel sorry for the expert skin divers who come all that way to this bay with only one objective. One pair of divers I met only wished to break the record weight on a certain species of fish taken underwater with certain equipment. They could tell nothing of the beauties they saw, they were unaware of the pearl shells and other attractive objects to be found, and they felt their whole trip had been wasted because they had not shot a certain size of a certain kind of fish with an underwater spear gun.

We met others who had underwater

camera equipment and were able not only to collect a wide range of specimens, food and pearls, but who brought back to their friends a priceless record on color slides of the underwater beauties of the Sea of Cortez.

A sport that should be entered into by the visitors to the bay, but which has no real enthusiasts at present, is the spearing of the giant sea turtles, or cahuama. These creatures are a staple food of the people of the bay and a delicacy often served at the Diaz establishment. They are also the only article of export from the Bahia de los Angeles. At least half of the male population is engaged in the sea turtle business.

There are two methods of spearing the turtles. One is at night with lights and takes more patience than skill. This will likely always be the best commercial way to catch them, but the daylight spearing from a small fast

### TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 32

- False. Navajo.
- False.
- False. Undoubtedly, capital of Deseret would have been Salt Lake City.
- False. Holliday died of consumption.
- False. San Geronio Pass is in southeastern California.
- False. These are famous mines.
- False. Ocotillo is not a cactus — and cattle won't eat this highly-barbed plant.
- False.
- False. Wickiup is a rude shelter used by Indians.
- False. Obsidian.
- False. Screwbean is the common name for mesquite.
- False.
- True.
- True.
- True.
- False.
- False. Coronado led the Cibola expedition.
- False. Black Canyon.
- False. San Francisco Peaks are near Flagstaff.
- False. Nolina is a desert plant.

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boat is a genuine sport. I have done the former, but confess that up to now have not developed the skill for the latter. It is a real sight to watch someone like young Sammy Diaz stand balanced on the prow of a light boat with his spear poised while his companion in the stern turns and wheels, chasing the shadowy mass of a sea turtle that has been disturbed in its afternoon nap.

When I first came to the bay many years ago, I was appalled by the number of these turtles that were being taken for food. I predicted that they would soon become extinct. Actually today they are more common than they were so many years ago. I have no explanation for this. They must have migrated from areas farther south, for I still believe they are being caught faster than they are breeding. At any rate a visitor should at least arrange to go along on a turtle hunt and try his luck at spearing a big one. A turtle barbecue at the Diaz place is a gusta-

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CHARLES E. SHELTON  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18 day of September, 1959.

RICHARD A. COFFIN  
(My commission expires August 5, 1965.)

tory highlight in the life of any gourmet who has ever been privileged to partake of one.

Yes, there is plenty to do at the Bay of the Angels for those who come with a real interest in things natural. If they come with the idea of sitting back and being entertained, then they are wasting their time and taking up space that could be used by appreciative people.

Not the least of the pleasant occupations here comes after one has had a busy day fishing, hiking, collecting or skin diving. Then during that magic time of sundown and twilight, the guests sit on the Diaz porch and trade experiences over cold drinks, or just sit quietly and watch the reflected sunset turn the Guardian Angel Island to red hot coals and the Sea of Cortez to a living opal.—END

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# Boy's Eyeview of the Wild West

Continued from page 18

rails, one man got off the train, went to the Ice Plant, and waited there for the night train. We heard later he contracted pneumonia.

It always interested me to watch the Indian squaws sell their wares to the passengers on the trains. They would hold up for the tourists' view strings of blue and white bead necklaces, toy bows and arrows, and cry, "Meh-have-veek, meh-have-veek!" which is as near as I can come to their word for two-bits. "Mooch-um-pop" meant fifty cents.

Nobody paid any attention if the larger kids went into the saloons and put nickels in the tall wooden slot machines.

I soon figured that a fellow could stick a hat pin into them and stop the wheel on the white segment where it would pay off twenty nickels. I voiced my theory to a boy named Omar Cavins, and a day or two later saw him and another boy thrown out of Cabbage's Saloon.

Omar picked himself up and came over to where I was sitting in the shade. He was grinning ruefully. "The third time I speared the white dollar place, Cabbage threw me out," he said. But he was thoroughly happy, his pockets bulging with nickels.

At times the Santa Fe brought in traveling troupes of entertainers who put on shows in the Reading Room. When such troupes were not available, the railroad allowed the townspeople to put on home talent shows.

I remember one evening Dad let me take our Edison Home Phonograph and a couple of dozen cylinder records to help put on a show. I played "Please Mr. Conductor, Oh Don't Put Me off the Train," which made quite a hit with the railroad people. Another of the old records was, "A Preacher Went a Hunting." That was the one where the luckless preacher ran into a grizzly bear. The last lines of the record were a sort of prayer, "Oh Lord, if You can't help me, for goodness sakes don't You help that bear!"

There were many others of the tinny records, and we had to crowd up close to hear, but we had a good time, and filled ourselves with home-made ice cream.

One day J. R. Williams, son of the Santa Fe Watch Inspector and town's jeweler, got a motorcycle from Los Angeles. It was the first in town, a four-cylinder Minerva. I watched him take his first ride. The machine came slowly sputtering down Front Street, a couple of cylinders missing. All of a sudden it began to hit on all four, and before J. R. could recover control, he banged squarely into a large umbrella tree.

About that same time somebody brought a two-cylinder Rambler automobile into town. Both motorcycle and auto parked in the shade of the umbrella tree in front of the jewelry store.

On festive occasions the Indians, with ribbons flying, held pony races and shinny games on the dusty, yellow silt flats between the Roundhouse and the Needles Landing. The shinny games were brutal. The young men of the tribe used clubs fashioned out of gnarled willow limbs, and it always seemed to me that the side which inflicted the most damage in the way of black eyes and bleeding shins was the winner. Sometimes the town kids went over and played baseball with the Indians.

Around 1903 we kids used to visit the Needles Landing, and watch the Searchlight, last of the larger river stern-wheelers, tie up on its regular trips up-river from Yuma. I had a fair speaking acquaintance with its white haired Captain, Jack Mellen, who had been on the river for some 30 years. I remember feeling quite sorry for him because the little 90-foot Searchlight was such a come down for him after having captained, for so many years, the big two-stacker, Mohave No. 2.

There was another smaller stern-wheeler, the Aztec, owned and operated by Lamar Brothers. It made trips with supplies to Parker and Fort Mohave.

My younger brother, Jack, went hunting blackbirds with his .22 one day down by the Stockyards in the north end of town, across the tracks, directly in front of the Mohave Village.

Jack missed the blackbird sitting so invitingly on the top rail of the fence, but hit a Mohave squaw in the



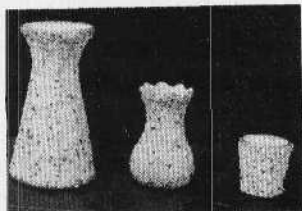
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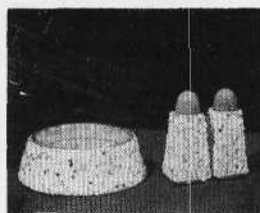
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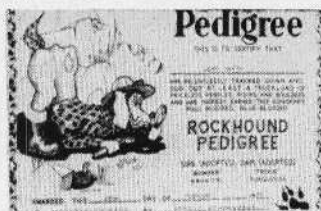


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back. The bullet did little damage, except to the Indian's feelings, and the Santa Fe doctor quickly extracted it.

Within minutes, about ten big bucks, one of them the squaw's mate, came over to town looking for Dad.

Dad hurriedly got twenty silver dollars from Quinn's Saloon, and clinking them in his hand to make the amount seem larger, offered them to the Indian. The big fellow counted them, then contemptuously threw them on the ground.

"Twenty dollar for squaw!" he growled menacingly. "Fifty dollar for cow!"

Dad said, "O.K., I'll get you some more." He rounded up a double handful more of the silver dollars. The Indian took them, while his mates picked those up off the ground.

"A-hoat!" (Good!) he said. "Now squaw worth much as cow!" and they all strode majestically away.

When I was fourteen I had a chance to go to work as night train-crew "Call Boy" for the Santa Fe. Inasmuch as I had read practically everything in Dad's library, and was a couple of school grades ahead for my age, Dad let me take the job.

From then on I was a privileged character in the big yards, day or night, and I roamed the town and notified the conductors and brakemen at their homes what time their runs were due in, so they could be ready to take the trains out. I slept when I could late at night between "calls."

One morning around 4 a.m. I was roused from behind the pot-bellied stove upstairs over the Depot, in the Dispatcher's Office, and sent downstairs still half asleep, to find John Denair, the Division Super, awaiting me. Denair was a silver-haired, stocky man around 60. He had just arrived in his private car on Number 3, the west-bound California Limited, which made a ten minute stop to change engines and crews. But there was no crew on hand to take Number 3 on into Los Angeles.

Number 4, going the other way, was also due any minute. And there was no crew called for it either.

"Where are the crews for these trains?" Denair shouted at me. I mumbled something about not waking up. Denair gazed at me for a long moment, quieting down. Then he turned to the irate conductor of Number 3, and said, "You boys will have to take her on and deadhead back."

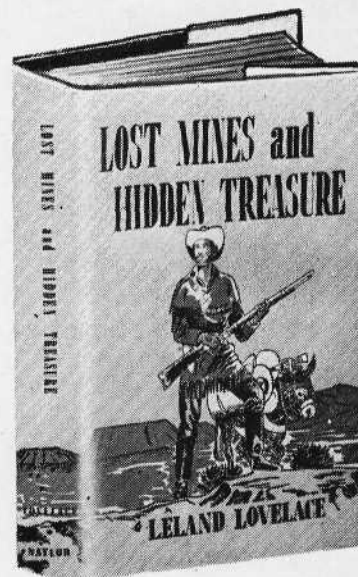
To me he said kindly, "Go on home boy, and get to bed. Your railroading days are over."

They were, and I returned to school.

—END

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By RANDALL HENDERSON

**I**F YOU CAN spare three or four days in November for the luxury of an outing in one of the most arid and fascinating regions of the American desert, I would recommend a trailer or camping trip to the 10th annual Death Valley Encampment, sponsored by the Death Valley '49ers, a non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation of the historical, scientific and scenic values in this desert wilderness.

I suggest trailers or sleeping bags because the accommodations provided by the Fred Harvey Company at Furnace Creek and Peg Putnam at Stove Pipe Wells probably are all reserved by this time.

Beginning with a campfire program Thursday evening, November 5, and extending through Sunday, the visitors are treated to a four-day medley of entertaining and informative events, ranging from a flapjack-burro contest to a fine arts exhibit. Other attractions are conducted field trips, authors', artists' and photographers' breakfasts on the Furnace Creek golf course (open to the public), sunrise services, square dancing, and firearms, mineral and archeological exhibits. All with no admission charge except the breakfasts. There is nothing quite like these '49er Encampments.

\* \* \*

The Death Valley National Monument, comprising 1,907,000 acres of desert and mountain terrain, is involved just now in a controversy in which you and I as American citizens have a stake—the age-old conflict between public and private interest. To understand the issue involved it is necessary to go back to February, 1933, when Herbert Hoover by presidential decree established the Death Valley National Monument. Hoover, a mining engineer by profession, insisted upon a variance in the usual national park regulations. He asked that mining be given preferred right over other uses of Monument lands. Later this prior right of the mining fraternity was confirmed by Congress.

In recent years, the popularity of Death Valley for winter recreation and scientific study has increased tremendously and the National Park Service has spent large sums developing water, providing camping and trailer sites, building roads, sign-posting the area and making accessible the interesting scenic, historical and scientific locations.

This fall, the National Park Service, in order to protect its improvements and the public interest against intrusion by future mining claimants, asked the Federal Bureau of Land Management to withdraw approximately 35,000 acres from mining entry. These sites include the water supply developed for public and administrative use, campground and trailer facilities, the Artists' Drive, Golden Canyon, Badwater, Dante's View, Shorty Harris and Jim Dayton graves, Zabriski Point, Ubehebe Crater, Augerberry Point, the long-abandoned Charcoal Kilns, many archeological sites and others totaling 34.

Actually, the proposed withdrawal amounts to 1/57th of the total area of the Monument — that is one acre reserved exclusively for the public to every 56 acres on which the miners will have a prior right. It seems like a modest request.

But certain of the mining interests are protesting. They want to keep it all for themselves although prospectors have been combing the area for nearly 100 years and any deposits of commercial value have long ago been worked out or are being held under legal claims which will not be affected by the withdrawal.

One of the arguments of the mining clan is that since the mining industry was granted a variance in 1933, it would be a breach of trust to withdraw even 1/57th of the park area for the exclusive use of park visitors who seek recreation and inspiration in the vast solitudes of Death Valley. It seems to me this contention is no more valid than for agricultural interests to take the position that because Franklin D. Roosevelt, as a policy of expediency in the 1930s, secured a subsidy for the farmers, all future generations of American taxpayers are honor-bound to pay subsidies to farmers. One of the freedoms of a democracy is the freedom of every generation to correct the errors or revise the rules of a previous generation. Change is a basic law of the universe, and even the Supreme Court recognized this fact of life in 1954 when it reversed its position in the matter of civil rights.

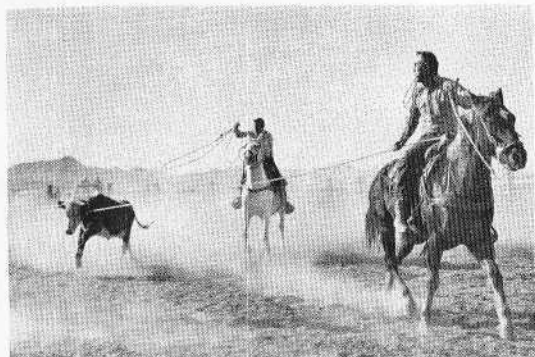
The National Park Service is making what I regard as a very reasonable effort to protect the cultural interests of the public as opposed to the commercial interests of a comparatively small minority group.

If there are others who share the view I have expressed, and wish to endorse the withdrawal program of the National Park Service, their letter or petitions should be addressed to the Bureau of Land Management, 215 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles.

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Within my lifetime the concept of a public museum has gone through a radical change. In the old days a museum was a storehouse of things—endless rows of shelves and showcases exhibiting all manner of relics of an earlier period. They were curious and interesting, but the visitor came away with tired feet and only a hazy image of most of the things seen. Today's museum is a place of ideas, wherein the "things" are displayed only to illustrate the role they played in the evolution of this earth and its people. The new Death Valley museum now nearing completion will be a museum of ideas. For instance there will be a graphic illustration of how portions of the Valley were formed by faulting of the rock masses, and the role that mineral salts play in the ecology of the region. It will be an exciting exhibit for those who are interested in the most fascinating story in the world—the story of evolution.





## Photo of the Month

### Stewart Cassidy

of Prescott, Arizona, wins this month's contest with this dramatic photo of a pair of cowboys competing in a Tucson rodeo's "team-tying" contest.

For photo of the month contest details, see page 37



## Back Cover

See story on page 12

BAHIA DE LOS ANGELES is one of those rare jewels in this part of the world that has not seen a tourist army pour through its portals—yet. Artist-writer John Hilton, who painted this and the front cover Baja California scenes, left no doubt in his article in last month's *Desert Magazine* as to why this is so: the terrible road down the peninsula.

But, Hilton and the few other Bahia de Los Angeles partisans say in all honesty that to experience only one sunrise at the Bay is worth the effort involved in reaching this lovely "other world" setting.



